

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

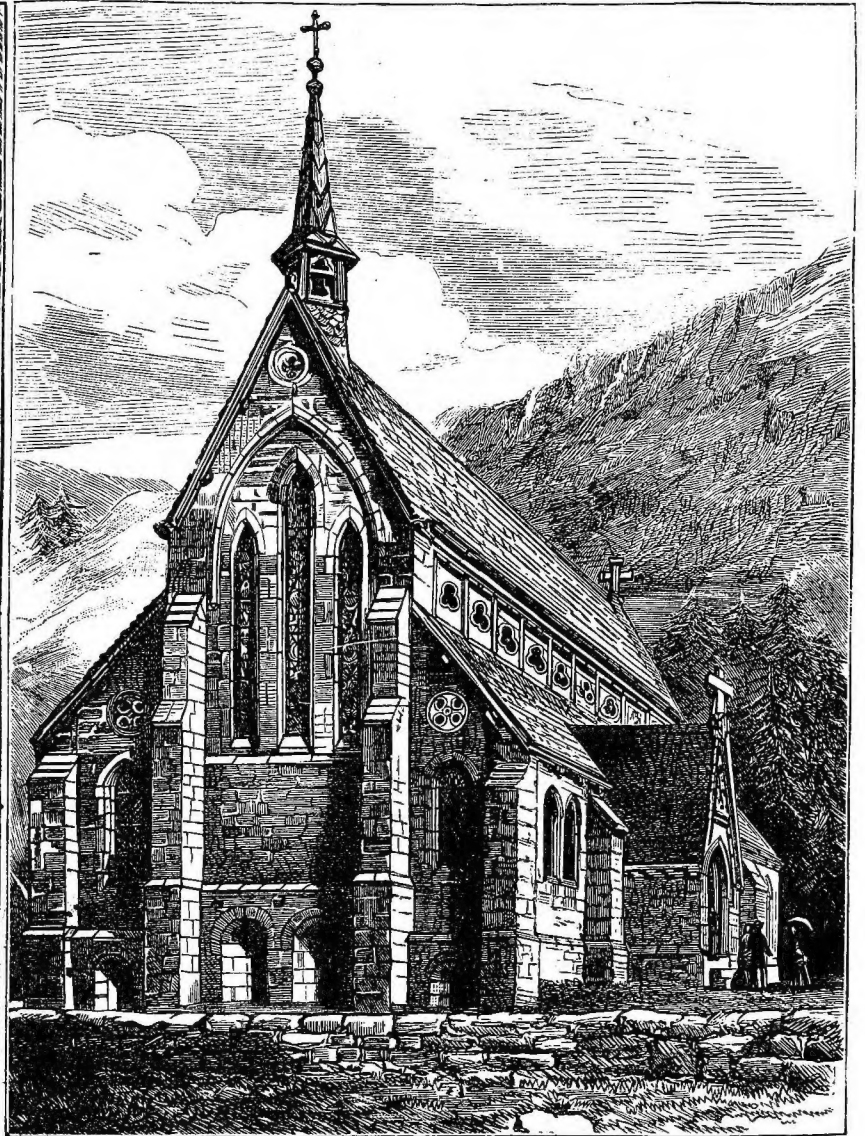
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THE GARDEN, SHEPHERD'S HOTEL, CAIRO



THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT PONTRESINA, ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND



THE WAR IN EGYPT—DEPARTURE OF TURKISH TROOPS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

Topics of the Week

THE ANGLO-TURKISH CONVENTION.—There was a general feeling of regret in England when it was announced that the Turks would, after all, probably co-operate with us in Egypt. And it would, no doubt, have been a real misfortune if the English Government had proposed to let them land at one of the ports occupied by our troops, with full permission to move about afterwards as they pleased in the interior. Considering the actual terms of the Convention, however, it is difficult to see how they can do us any serious injury. The only apparent danger is that Arabi may surrender to the Turkish contingent; but of course England would not recognise an act of submission that did not involve the accomplishment of all the objects for which she is contending. When the time comes for the pacification of Egypt, it is not improbable that we may derive genuine aid from the Sultan, whose authority in Egypt is not yet absolutely extinct. In the mean time the fact that the Turks are even our nominal allies ought to be of some service to us in the Mahomedan world. We know not what truth there may be in the statements which are made by some authorities as to the possibility of a formidable Pan-Islamic agitation. The subject is very obscure, and those who talk about it with an air of portentous solemnity may or may not be as well informed as they profess to be. But, as long as the Caliph is on our side, the most ignorant Mahomedan cannot pretend that we are fighting against Islam; and we may hope that his appearance on the scene as our friend will produce a certain effect even among Arabi's forces. That his co-operation will be regarded with favour by some at least of the European Powers is proved by their efforts to induce him to accede to the English conditions. Mr. Gladstone has always asserted that England has no selfish aims in Egypt; and it is certain that, when the war is over, an attempt will be made to develop an independent spirit among the Egyptian people. Still, the influence of this country will inevitably be greater than that of any other Power or Powers; and we must anticipate that our success will give rise to bitter international jealousies. The task of effecting a final and satisfactory settlement may be rendered considerably easier if it is carried on under cover of the shadowy suzerainty of the Porte.

THE POLICE STRIKE IN IRELAND.—In Ireland a policeman's life is, in an eminent degree, "not a happy one." If the English policeman is subjected to more sarcasm than he deserves, he is withal recognised as a useful functionary of the law. People are generally willing to aid and abet him in the investigation of mistakes which they have not themselves committed. It is otherwise with the members of the Irish Constabulary, who have every obstacle put in their way, being generally regarded as traitors to their Fatherland whom it is a virtue to thrash and shoot. Waylaid, suspected, avoided, they have a peculiar claim to be suitably paid, and the strike in which they have just indulged should be regarded with much lenience. For, since the operations of the Land League commenced, they have been subjected to the whole strength of the social persecution known as Boycotting, which has kept them out of pocket, and no rise has been given them by way of compensation. The true remedy for the discontent was no doubt discovered when 180,000*l.* was voted for their use, but the distribution of the vote has been executed with great clumsiness. The promise has been so long held out that there has been every temptation for the men to spend their bonus half-a-dozen times over in advance. Thus, instead of being swiftly benefited, many of them, it is certain, have only been landed in debt. For the present the strike has been laid, but the fact that it has occurred at all must be a matter of anxious significance for those concerned in the preservation of the peace of Ireland. The Constabulary has fully earned the title of being one of the finest bodies in the world of its kind. But its very efficiency might, under some circumstances, become a source of danger if at any crisis it went back among the populace, understanding something of military life, and willing to use its knowledge in the interest of sedition. The best antidote is to make the force comfortable in proportion to its efficiency; with a fair scale of pensions it is not likely to forsake its allegiance to the Government in exceptional periods of difficulty.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—A good deal of attention has been given by Englishmen to the violent expressions of hostility which have been evoked in France by our action in Egypt. It would be unfair, however, not to recognise that these expressions have proceeded in the main from journals of the second class. The most influential newspapers have been friendly to us, or have at any rate abstained from noisy and thoughtless declamation. It may even be questioned whether the writers who have revived the old, foolish talk about "perfidious Albion" are altogether in earnest. They fancy that the prestige of France has somehow been lowered, and their tirades against us seem to be merely the effect of the irritation caused by this supposed discovery. In reality, no reasonable observer is of opinion that France has lost ground through her Eastern policy. Had she possessed vital interests in Egypt, and had these interests been in the slightest danger, she could not have held aloof without dishonour. But all the world knows, or ought to know, that England has no intention of injuring the interests either of France or of any

other country. Why, then, should our neighbours have intervened? In leaving the task of restoring order in Egypt to those whom it directly concerned they showed good sense and self-control; and everywhere they have received full credit for the manifestation of these qualities, which are likely to be quite as valuable to France herself and to mankind as a pretended devotion to "ideas." We may confidently anticipate that when the war in Egypt is over all classes of Frenchmen will be ready to do us justice. The Anglo-French alliance has very definite limits, but within these limits it is too advantageous to both countries to be endangered by either of them through mere temporary pique.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The competition among municipalities for the possession of the British Association grows rather than diminishes. This year it received invitations to Southport, Northampton, Aberdeen, and Montreal for its disengaged year, and some difficulty was found in selecting which should have the preference. The attractive power of communities has not yet been adequately explained, so far as the Association is concerned. Why it should prefer Southport to Oxford, and Montreal to Aberdeen, it is not quite easy to see, but it has done so. It may be that University towns furnish an audience given to criticising the false quantities of philosophers who are weak in classics, and that it does not like it, being more concerned with experimental than verbal science. Perhaps it is that industrial towns give, as a rule, more scope for the study of scientific processes in their practical applications, and that men engaged in industry like to feed their scientific visitors with as much sumptuousness as possible. At any rate, Southport and Montreal have got the preference over their rivals. The arrangement for an Association meeting at Montreal is an enterprising thing, which should be productive of good results. It will be the first recognition by the members that the labours of their generation have virtually abolished space. The application of scientific principles to electricity, steam, and ship-building has brought Canada practically as close as Ireland. And, though as a young colony, it might have been more decorous that they should go on sending scientific Mahomets to the British mountains rather than convey the whole range to Mahomet, it is good to know how Science has localised the planet. It will be good for the men who have been instrumental in localising it to feel whether it is wholly a matter for congratulation. On their way over they may perhaps give some attention to the question of icebergs; and, if they could exorcise these demons of crystal, the free passage they are promised would be well bestowed.

HANOVER AND PRUSSIA.—It is well known that the Prussian Government is willing to recognise the Duke of Cumberland as heir to the Duchy of Brunswick on condition that he shall resign his claims to the throne of Hanover. Hitherto he has obstinately declined to accede to these terms, but there are signs that he is now reconsidering his position. Herr Windthorst, who faithfully served his father, urges him to make the best of an unpleasant situation; and the representations of the leader of the Catholic party in Germany are said to be warmly supported by the Duke of Brunswick. If the negotiations which are in progress were brought to a successful issue, the event would not be one of vital importance; but it would excite much interest in Germany. Although Prussia maintains a firm hold over the provinces conquered by her in 1866, she has never been able to crush altogether the loyalty of the Hanoverians to their exiled dynasty. The people generally express sentimental regret for the fate of their late King, and a small party vehemently contend that his son, if patient and resolute, would certainly be restored sooner or later to his rights. The Duke's acceptance of the succession to Brunswick would put an end for ever to the hopes of his adherents, and the House of Hohenzollern would be well pleased to get rid of a possible Prince Charlie. On the whole, the Hanoverians would have no real reason to regret the transformation of their Pretender into a prince with solid claims elsewhere. It is true that the Prussians have not been conciliatory masters; but Hanover has been ruled by them with essential justice, and she has the advantage of forming part of a great State which is steadily preparing the way for the establishment of free institutions. To the new generation these benefits will probably seem of far more importance than any that could be obtained from the possession of local independence.

AMERICAN BUSTS.—The suggestion that a bust of Longfellow should be set up among English poets in Westminster Abbey will not be likely to raise much opposition. His is not a name associated either with personal or international enmities. He was not a "smart" writer in the American or the English sense. He did not compose satires, nor did he busy himself to any great extent with politics. For perfect natural sweetness of temper he was only equalled by his friend Emerson. It is unlikely, therefore, that there should be any movement hostile to the setting up of the bust on the usual ground of political or personal susceptibilities having been offended during the poet's life. But there may be reasonable apprehensions on another score. If space is granted to set up the gentle and loveable features of Longfellow, is he to be regarded as the first American singer worthy of admission to the tuneful choir? Will claims not be made for predecessors and contemporaries? There are

critics who think Poe's "Raven" entitles him to part of the space now occupied by Thomson, and, when Whitman dies, his "Drum Taps" will certainly give him a considerable vote in favour of a full-length statue. If the importation of American busts were likely to cease with the poets, there might not be much to fear. But the Abbey spaces are not confined to poets; scholars, divines, men of science and of action have all had their posthumous use of it; and, considering the quantity of "remarkable men" now existing between California and New York, it is to be supposed that a large importation of busts might be expected, one precedent having been given. So excellent an opportunity for advertising America would not be allowed to pass. The busts and their claims would come in with the new wheat and the tinned beef, and to decide upon the merits of remarkable Americans, the Dean would be in need of a department "in touch" with the public opinion of the day. And the peremptory rejection of the bust of a Talmage or a Gordon Bennett might make the quiet Abbey the theatre of an unseemly agitation.

POVERTY versus PROSPERITY.—The author of a letter to *The Times* has been much exercised by a statement of Professor Leone Levi to the effect that "Prosperity moves hand in hand with virtue, misery with depression and crime." The writer will not admit that prosperity has the slightest tendency to improve the moral condition of a nation, and he even thinks that its influence may be in a high degree injurious. "All experience proves," he says, "that prosperity has its moral dangers as well as adversity; that it may be, and often is, a means of debasing and corrupting the characters both of individuals and communities." This is true enough, but it surely does not follow, as he seems to think, that poverty is, on the whole, more favourable to morality than prosperity. Many writers have lavished praise on poverty, and Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," and in some of his letters, has done so as enthusiastically as any of his predecessors. Their view might, of course, be supported by multitudes of individual facts; but in dealing with questions of this kind we must look rather to general results than to particular experience. If poverty evokes a spirit of resignation and self-sacrifice in noble natures, it acts in a very different way on persons of an ordinary type of character. It not only leads to crimes of violence, but impels large classes of men and women to find relief from sordid lives in the excitement of coarse pleasures. To say that prosperity necessarily creates refined tastes and habits would be untrue, but refined tastes and habits will certainly never become universal, or even common, until the mass of mankind are delivered from the pressure of anxiety about what are called the necessities of life. In these materialistic times there is much disagreeable rhodomontade about the glory of "getting on." A man may "get on," and yet be a mean enough specimen of humanity; but that does not alter the fact that all our social and political reforms will be in vain if the "lower classes" are not able by-and-by to provide themselves with comfortable and pleasant homes.

JUVENTUS MUNDI.—The little boys of France have started "a movement" which may well be regarded with alarm. Like the sovereign people, their fathers and mothers, they have begun to see that if any amelioration of their condition is to be obtained, it must be had through a Congress of Delegates in full autumnal discussion. They have, accordingly, represented themselves at Bordeaux, and from Paris to Marseilles agitated districts have yielded up a little boy to assist in announcing their grievances. It might be thought that, being French, they would start with abstract propositions formulating the rights of Boyhood, and deducing individual reforms from them. And it would have been reasonable and intelligible, if they had, for being a boy at all is a grievance which it might have been desirable to cure. There are so many inconveniences attached to it. A boy may not, in a dignified manner, take out his case and offer a cigar; he may not give his opinion upon the current events of the day without senile tittering; he may not eat and drink and sleep and amuse himself, without the annoyance of control. The Congress, however, did not see its way to abolish the condition offhand, or to decree that henceforth boys should be born with moustaches and of a regulation stature. It started with a sensible recognition of the fact that there must be juniors and seniors, and that the principle that, if seniors must be tall and juniors must be short, can be revolutionary. As yet the revolution has not occurred; it consists in what amounts to the abolition of the Greek in schools; to the "improvement" of school libraries; the regulation of a fixed weekly holiday; and the general recognition of the fact that Victor Hugo is a classic. So far no great harm has been done, but once having tasted the power of a Congress and an organisation, Boyhood may assert itself still more strongly. It may insist, for example, in getting into the Senate with Victor Hugo, and if it set its mind upon a further development of representation, it could agitate with a diabolical ingenuity of resource unknown to the older boys who oppress it by reason of their antiquity.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued TWO EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS, one, A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the SUEZ CANAL, PRINTED IN COLOURS, the other a PORTRAIT GROUP of SOME of the OFFICERS of the BRITISH ARMY now serving in EGYPT.—The Half-Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 228 and 237.



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VOLUNTEER MOUNTED INFANTRY.—It is proposed to organize a Regiment of MOUNTED VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, Head Quarters to be in London. Further particulars can be obtained by communicating with LIEUTENANT-COLONEL V.M.I., care of "Volunteer Service Gazette," 121, Fleet Street.

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THE WAR IN EGYPT

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO

We have already illustrated and described this well-known resort of Eastern travellers, and here depict the aspect of the hotel from the gardens rich in their semi-tropical foliage.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—TURKISH TROOPS FOR EGYPT
MARCHING THROUGH PERA

"THE troops," writes the Hon. Major Colborne, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, "were clothed in every imaginable kind of garb, but mostly ragged, some green with braiding, others blue with brass buttons, some grey, others again which had once been white, but all tattered. Some men wore boots with spurs, some shoes without soles, it being a marvel how they kept on. None carried knapsacks, not many bundles.

"The flags of diver nations which hang gaily over their heads are not there as a token of sympathy, or for the purpose of waving a 'valè.' By no means, they are there night and day as decoys to the vile drink dens, *cafés chantants*, and gambling houses which infest Pera as much as Galata, in fact it may be safely stated that in no town of Europe do so many haunts of vice openly parade themselves in the principal streets, there being no less than eleven in the main thoroughfare of Pera alone. Now and then the police make a raid—as a hint that Blank Bey wants more 'backshish.' After this is extracted, and a pretty handsome sum too, the *cafés chantants* are left alone, but as they are all wealthy 'hells' they can afford to pay heavily, their profits by cheating being enormous. The Russian officers after the war were plundered by the harpy-proprietors to a ruinous extent. The soldiers, though wretchedly clad and shod, are of splendid material. A good serviceable white blouse and trousers have been served out for Egypt, but few wore them on embarkation."

NOTES AT FORT MEX

THE Mex forts which form the western defences of Alexandria were occupied on August 2nd by a force of marines, under the command of Colonel Legrand. There was a good deal of desultory skirmishing outside with the enemy, and on August 14 reinforcements were sent under Captain Wilson. "The Mex lines," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "lie opposite to the left of Arabi's position. No. 1 shows the south-western corner of the centre fort, and No. 2 the south-eastern corner of the fort on the left of the lines commanding a causeway leading across Lake Mareotis to the enemy's position. The inmates are reconnoitring the enemy's position with field-glasses. No. 3 depicts the centre fort with H.M.S. *Condor* in the distance, while the last illustration shows the officers' quarters." It was across the causeway mentioned that on Monday a reconnaissance was made under Major de Salis. An advance guard, under Lieutenant Hancock, got within 400 yards of the first line of defence, and found that the enemy had about a dozen guns in position. At daybreak the enemy discovered the little party, and opened fire, but caused no casualties.

THE SUEZ CANAL

THE first movement undertaken by Sir Garnet Wolseley on his arrival in Egypt was the occupation of the Suez Canal, which forms the base of the military operations now being directed against Arabi. The history of the campaign is told in another column, and by the aid of the double-page map, which forms one of our extra supplements, our readers will be able to follow out the route of Sir Garnet Wolseley's march upon Zagazig. The entire length of the Canal is nearly 100 miles, and the chief points of occupation are Port Said, at the Mediterranean entrance; Kantara, the first southern point on the Canal from which operations could be directed against the enemy; Ismailia, a town which sprung into existence with the Canal, and whence there is a railway to Cairo *via* Zagazig, and a fresh water Canal leading to the Nile; Chalouf, where there was a brisk encounter on Sunday week between the Seaforth Highlanders and the enemy; Serapeum, which was the scene of another sharp skirmish; and Suez, which was occupied by Admiral Hewett, in readiness for the arrival of the Indian contingent. Sir Garnet Wolseley's headquarters are practically at Ismailia, which is some forty miles distant from Zagazig, and about fifty from Suez, with which it is connected by both the salt and fresh water canals and the railroad. A view of Ismailia is given in the double-page of engravings of places of interest in the Canal, and beneath is the palace built by the ex-Khedive for a residence, but now used as an hospital. The town stands on the ground where the first accumulation of sand took place which divided the waters of the Indian Ocean from the Mediterranean, and is called after the ex-Khedive Ismail. As the Ismailia route to Cairo is the one now being followed by Sir Garnet Wolseley, we may here quote from *The Times* some interesting details regarding it:—"The first station which is reached on the Ismailia and Cairo line is Nefiche (2½ miles). Here the Fresh Water Canal divides, one branch going to Ismailia, the other passing through two locks and following the line of the Suez Canal down to Suez. After leaving Nefiche the line pursues the Fresh Water Canal, passing by El Magfar (the scene of the skirmish on the 24th inst.), and reaches Lake Mahameh, which is used as a reservoir for the Canal. Fourteen miles from Nefiche is Mahameh, where there is a station and irrigating sluices in the Canal. The next station is Tel-el-Kebir, where Arabi now holds a strong fortified position. The village is some little distance from the line, and is reached by a drawbridge, which crosses the canal at Kishlak. Five miles across the desert, in a north-west direction, is the town of El-Karaim. Tel-el-Kebir is situated in a fertile district called the El-Wady, and was sold by the Suez Canal Company to the Egyptian Government. Eight miles further, the Fresh Water Canal divides at El-Abassa-el-Sugra, and one branch continues along the line of rail to Zagazig, while the other travels in a south-west direction to Belbeis, about ten miles, and where the line is met again after its detour by Zagazig. Following the railway, three miles after the division of the Canal, the station of Abdu-Hamed is reached. Passing over two low irrigation canals, at a distance of ten miles, we came to Zagazig, an important town with a population of 38,000 souls, among which were many Europeans. Seven miles further is Burden, and six miles beyond is Belbeis. Branching off in a south-west direction, the line comes, at a distance of 17½ miles, to the town of Shibeen-el-Kanater, near which are the ruins of Tel-el-Yahoodeh, or the 'Mound of the Jews.' At a distance of 11¼ miles comes Kaliob, and ten miles further on is Cairo."

Of our other illustrations, Port Said, like Ismailia, dates its existence from the birth of the Suez Canal. During the making of the canal, Port Said was the port used for landing the necessary materials, and there large docks and magazines were constructed. Thus the town rapidly gradually grew into importance, being named after Said Pasha, Ismail Pasha's father. Despite its importance, however, it has been well described by the correspondent of a contemporary as one of the ugliest spots on earth. Kantara (bridge or ford), we may mention, was one of the principal caravan stations

on the high road between Egypt and Palestine, and is situated at the highest point of the chain of low sand hills which divide Lake Menzaleh from the smaller inland lakes. According to Dr. Brugsch Bey the site of the passage of the sea by the Israelites was probably near Kantara.

Our views of the Suez Canal, with the exception of that of the Khedive's Palace, which is from a photograph, are from sketches by Miss Gordon Cumming.

GUARD ROOM AT ALEXANDRIA

"My sketch," writes the officer who has kindly furnished us with this illustration, "represents the interior of a large granary used as a guard room by one of the British pickets. It is in a similar style of building that most of the troops in this part of the city are quartered."

ARRIVAL OF ROYAL MARINES AT ALEXANDRIA

THE same officer also sends us a sketch depicting the arrival at Alexandria of the ss. *Dacca*, belonging to the British and Indian line, with the 2nd Battalion of Royal Marines on board. She came into harbour on the morning of the 18th ult., and left the same evening for Port Said, where she turned over the Marines to H.M.S. *Northumberland*.

H.M.S. "IRIS" AT PORT SAID

"THE *Iris*," writes a naval officer, "was prevented by the thinness of her steel plates from taking any active part in the bombardment of Alexandria, but as senior officer's ship at Port Said she had a somewhat exciting time of it, until the arrival on the scene of more powerful men-of-war."

"One of my sketches represents the *Sakaa*, an Egyptian corvette, which, having on board some 200 soldiers, in addition to her crew, had cleared for action, on receipt of a peremptory order from the captain of the *Iris* that she should remain at her moorings, and was only held in check by a similar preparation on board the *Iris*. While this kept the men of one broadside on the alert, the guns of the other were brought to bear on the shore side, where an outbreak was hourly expected. Under cover of these guns a small landing force was organised for the protection of the town, the majority of whose European inhabitants had been safely shipped on board the refugee ships in port."

"The other sketch represents a reconnaissance made in one of the *Iris*'s torpedo boats along the coast in the direction of Fort Ghemil, which was reported as being heavily armoured, and whose hostile intentions were made manifest by an evident desire on the part of the soldiers to induce the boat to run close in, as if requesting a parley, on the near approach of which they nevertheless rapidly loaded. The object of the expedition, however, having been accomplished, discretion was deemed the better part of valour, and the rapid speed of the torpedo boat very soon placed her out of range."

THE RISING OF THE NILE—CUTTING OF THE KALIGUE

THIS ceremony is usually performed in the month of August, when the Nile has risen sufficiently high to fill the canals which intersect Cairo, trenches being dug to direct the course of the water. In former times tradition says a young virgin was sacrificed on the bank where the cutting takes place to propitiate the Nile God. That there is some truth in this is evident from the fact that at the present time a rude wooden figure of a woman is thrown into the water.

The cutting is accompanied by illuminations and general rejoicing. The work is done in alternate years by Jews, Mussulmans, and Christians. Our sketch represents Egyptians waiting in the canal on the night before the ceremony of cutting the dyke, which takes place at daybreak. The poorer class believe that the first rush of water bears along with it healing qualities, and accordingly lie in rows in the trenches, hoping that the rush of the waters may charm away their infirmities.

SOME OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS COMMANDING IN EGYPT

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GARNET J. WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Commander-in-Chief of the expeditionary force now in Egypt, is the son of Major G. J. Wolseley, of the 25th Foot. He is now in his forty-ninth year, and has been thirty years a soldier, having entered the army as an ensign in 1852. Serving first in the Burmese War of 1852-3, he was next under fire in the Crimea, and was badly wounded before Sebastopol. He gained further experience in the Indian Mutiny and the Chinese War, and, later, commanded the Red River Expedition as Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada. The Ashantee campaign of 1873 was his next important command, after which Sir Garnet did not again see active service till 1879, when he led the force against Secocoen's stronghold, which was successfully destroyed. Sir Garnet has also held some not unimportant civil appointments. In 1874 he administered the Government of Natal; in 1876, he was appointed a member of the Council of India; and, in 1878, administrator of Cyprus, the then newly-acquired "place of arms." His settlement of the affairs of Zululand after Lord Chelmsford's victory at Ulundi will be a fresh one's recollection. Since then he has held the office of Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards, and Adjutant-General of the army.

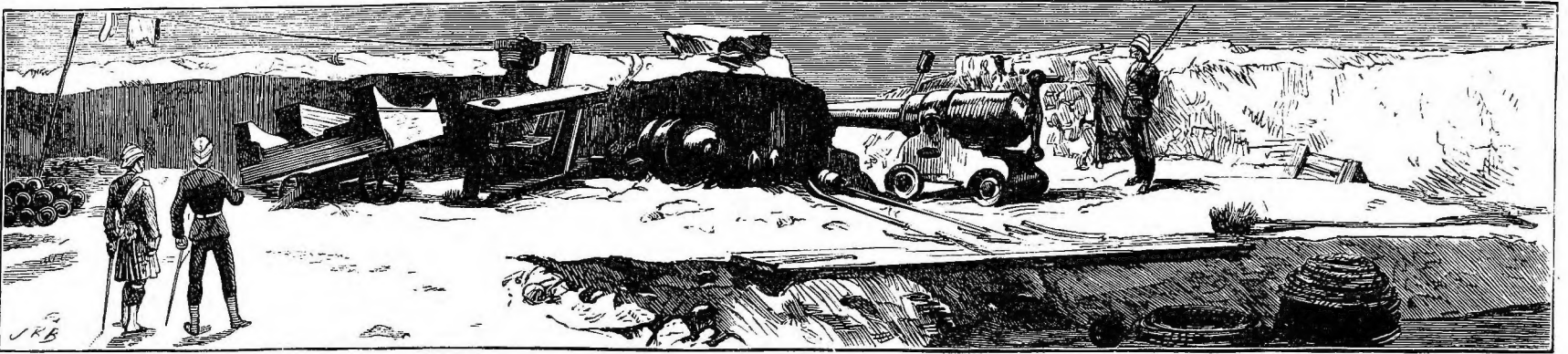
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN ADYE, R.A., K.C.B., Sir Garnet Wolseley's Chief of the Staff and second in command, has seen much and varied service. He, also, is the son of a soldier, Major James P. Abye, R.A. Born in 1819, he was Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Royal Artillery during the Crimean War, and was present at the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and at the siege and fall of Sebastopol. During the Indian Mutiny he held the same appointment, and was afterwards employed on special service during the Afghan campaign of 1863-4. Sir John Abye has been Director of Artillery and Stores, Governor of the Woolwich Royal Military Academy, and Surveyor-General of Ordnance.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL G. H. S. WILLIS, C.B., who commands the 1st Division, is of about the same age as Sir Garnet Wolseley. During the Crimean campaign he served with the 77th Regiment; and he has held at different times the posts of Assistant Quartermaster-General at Gibraltar, Assistant Adjutant-General at Malta, and Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Southern District, and at the Horse Guards. He was lately appointed Major-General in command of the Northern District, and has been Lieutenant-General since 1880.

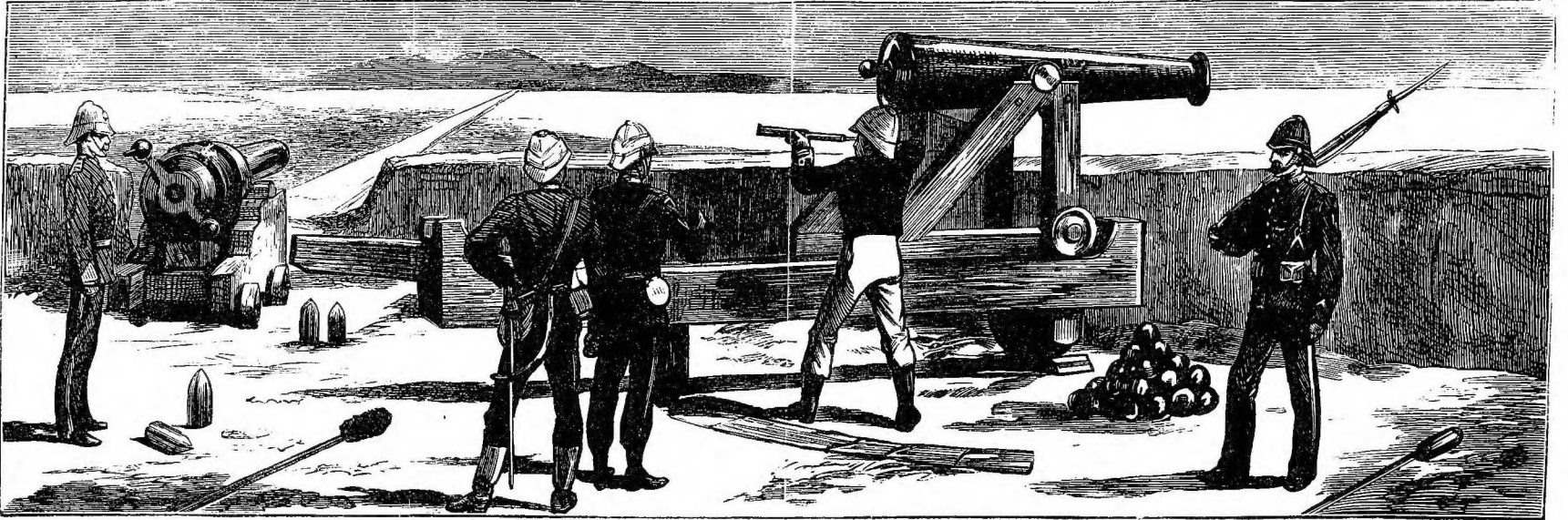
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR EDWARD HAMLEY, R.A., K.C.M.G., C.B., the author of the well-known work on "The Operations of War," served all through the Crimean Campaign, where his horse was twice shot under him. In 1879 he was Chief Commissioner for the Delimitation of Bulgaria, and in 1880 for the rectification of the Turco-Russian frontier in Armenia. Sir Edward Hamley is appointed to the command of the 2nd Division of the force now operating in Egypt.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM EARLE, C.S.I., who will command the line of communications in Egypt, attained his present rank in 1880, having entered the army in 1851. He served all through the Crimea with the 49th Regiment, and was present at all the principal actions of the campaign.

MAJOR-GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G., has never before seen active service. He holds numerous appointments in the army, among others those of

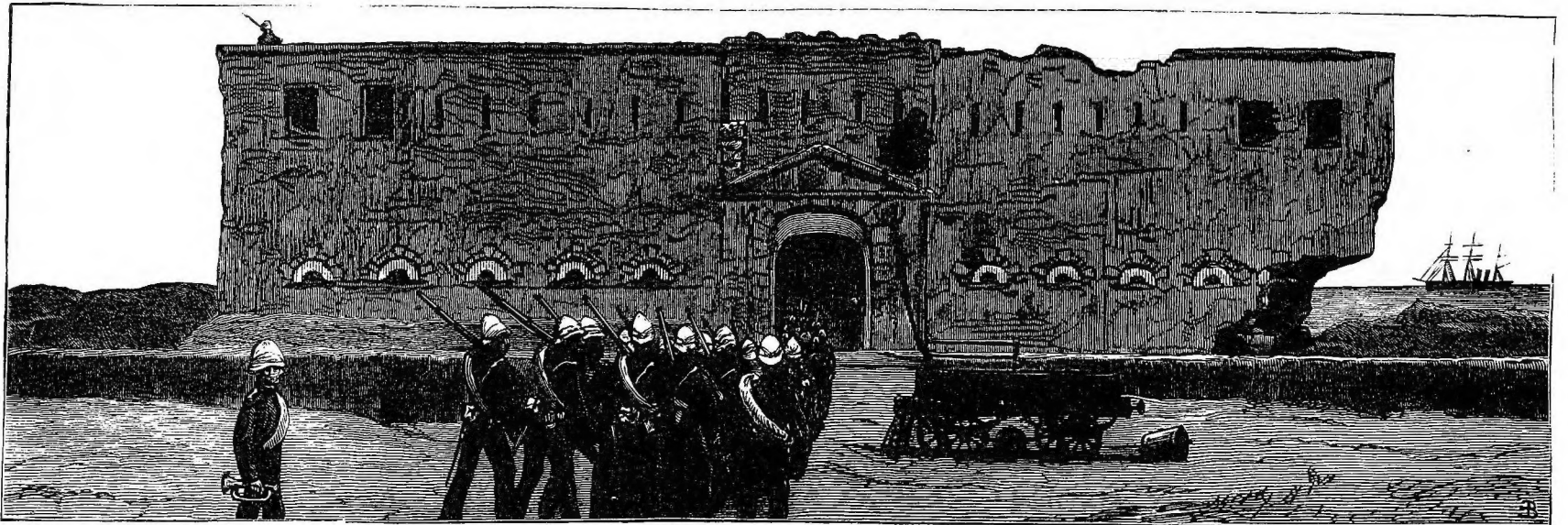


THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE FORT

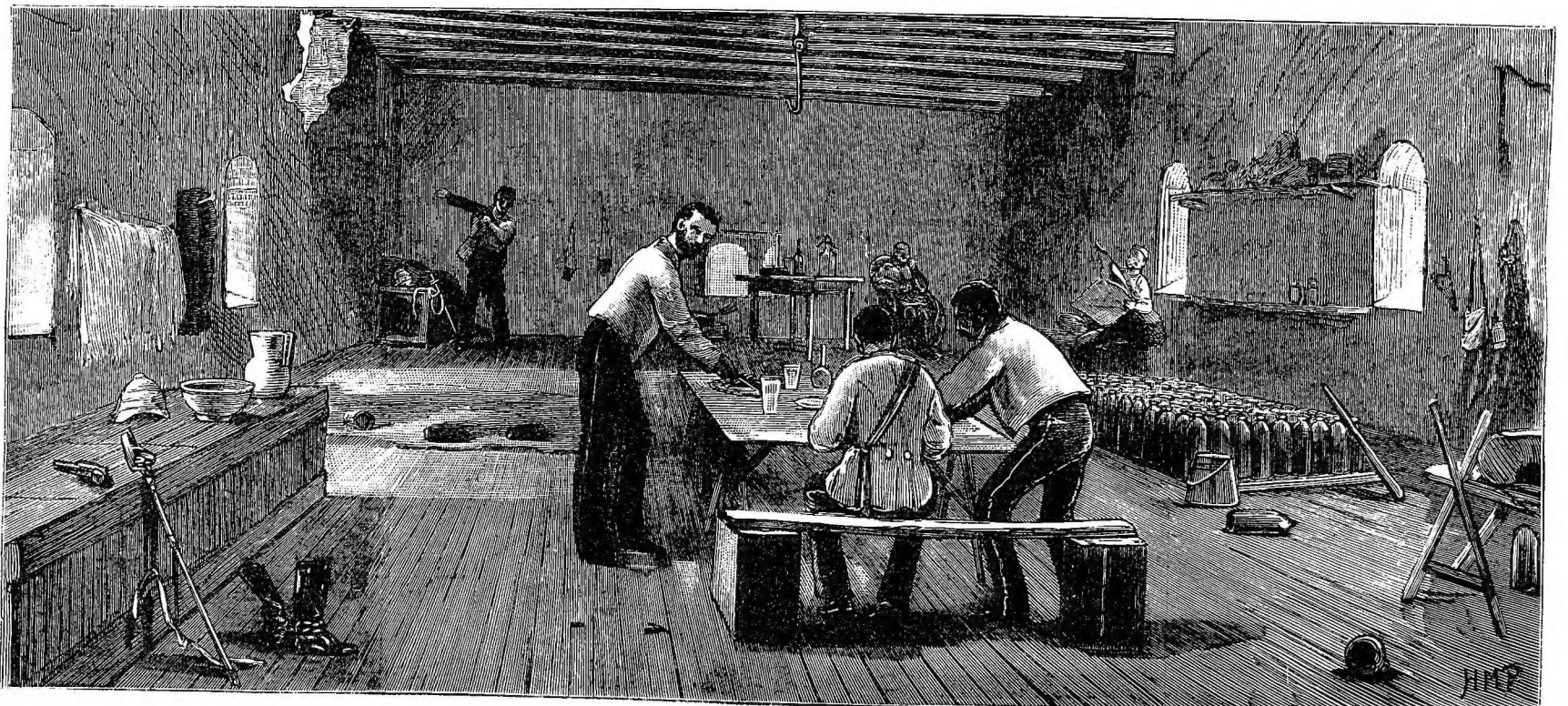


THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER : RECONNOITRING THE ENEMY'S POSITION

H.M. Gunboat "Condor"



ENTRANCE TO THE CENTRE FORT



OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN THE FORT

THE WAR IN EGYPT—FORT MEX, ALEXANDRIA
FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL MARINES



MR. THOMAS SPENCER WELLS, F.R.C.S.
President of the Royal College of Surgeons



THE LATE GENERAL CHRISTOPHER BIRDWOOD
Died July 4, aged 75



Sydney F. Hall

A BAPTISM OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS — MORMONS POSING AS THE APOSTLES OF CHRISTIANITY

Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Rifle Corps and personal Aide-de-camp to the Queen. His Royal Highness entered as a cadet at the Woolwich Military Academy in 1866, was a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1868, lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1869, lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade the same year, and captain in 1871. He has held besides several Staff appointments, and in the present campaign he commands the Guards Brigade in the First Division.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART., K.C.B., is the eldest son of the late Sir Archibald Alison, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, author of the "History of Europe," and other works. He entered the 72nd (Duke of Albany's) Highlanders in 1846, served with them during the Crimean Campaign, and was Military Secretary to Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) during the Indian Mutiny. He lost his left arm in the Relief of Lucknow. In 1873 Sir Archibald was sent to the Gold Coast as Second in Command, and Brigadier-General of the European Brigade, which he led at the capture of Bequa and Coomassie. He was Deputy Adjutant-General in Ireland from 1874 till 1877, when he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and was made Commandant of the Staff College. In 1878 he was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General and Chief of the Intelligence Branch at the War Office; and for some months before he left for Egypt on the 6th July the nature of his official duties had led him to study closely the military aspect of the Egyptian Question.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C., was born in 1838. He served in the Navy before taking a Commission in the Army in 1855. He gained the Victoria Cross in the Indian Mutiny, and served under Sir Garnet Wolseley during the Ashantee War. Throughout the Zulu War he commanded the celebrated Flying Column of General Newdigate's division, and during the recent Transvaal War he succeeded to the command of the troops in Natal and the Transvaal after the death of Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill.

Our portraits are from photographs:—Sir Garnet Wolseley, Sir John Adye, Lieutenant-General Hamley, and Sir Evelyn Wood, by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street; Lieutenant-General Willis, by W. P. Glaisby, Spurrigergate, York; The Duke of Connaught, by Reichard and Lindner, 40, Markgrafen Strasse, Berlin; Sir Archibald Alison, by Lamb, 101B, Princes Street, Edinburgh; and Major-General Earle, by Mayall, 224, Regent Street.

THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT PONTRESINA

THIS church was consecrated on the 19th inst. by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bedford. The first sod was turned in August, 1879, by the Rev. J. W. Ayre, to whose energy, as Chaplain of the English colony for the last six years, the result is mainly due. The designs were furnished in 1874 by Mr. R. P. Pullen. M. Saratz, of the Saratz Hotel, gave the site, and the work has been carried out with great care and despatch by M. Magatz, a local builder. It will finally cost about 3,000*l.* About 2,400*l.* have already been subscribed, including 200*l.* raised by entertainments given by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, who annually visit this lovely valley. About 600*l.*, however, is needed to meet the last instalment, due on the 3rd of September next year. Most of the accessories of the church have been presented. The Princess Christian has given a very beautiful altar-frontal, Mr. Bancroft the bell, and Mrs. Bancroft a stained glass window. Other donors have given the altar, altar vessels, lectern, Bible and Prayer Book, harmonium, &c.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Atkinson Armstrong.

MR. T. SPENCER WELLS, F.R.C.S.

THE professional career of the new President of the Royal College of Surgeons has been unusually varied. Commencing his medical studies at the Leeds Infirmary and School of Medicine in 1837, he then went to Dublin, attracted by the great reputation of the Anatomical School there at that time. He then completed his studies in London at St. Thomas's Hospital, and, after obtaining his diploma at the College of Surgeons in 1841, began his work as an Assistant-Surgeon in the Navy. He was on foreign service, chiefly in the Mediterranean, until 1848, when he was promoted to the rank of Surgeon, and returned home in medical charge of the famous old three-decker *Trafalgar*. He was at once sent by the Admiralty to Paris to report on the treatment of gunshot wounds in the Parisian hospitals after the Revolution, having had considerable previous experience at Palermo, which was afterwards increased at Rome after Garibaldi's attack. He then served as surgeon of the *Modeste*, under the present Marquis of Northampton, and was on half-pay from 1853 until the outbreak of the Crimean War, when he went to Smyrna as one of the chief surgeons sent out by Mr. Sidney Herbert in aid of the over-worked Army Medical Department. He was next appointed chief surgeon of a large hospital, which was formed of wooden huts put up on the shore of the Dardanelles for 3,000 patients—and did not return to England till the close of the war. He then left the Navy and settled in London. None of the larger hospitals having vacant appointments, he joined the Samaritan Hospital for Women, at that time a very small institution, and began to practice and improve the operation by which he is now chiefly known—an operation (ovariotomy) at that time very rarely performed, and with very fatal results; but now one of the most successful of surgical operations. Sir James Paget in 1877, at the chief of the Medical Societies, said that "he deemed the operation of ovariotomy, as perfected by Mr. Spencer Wells, to be one of the greatest achievements of surgery in this century. The gain was not limited to ovariotomy alone; the success of that operation had led to an extension of the whole domain of peritoneal surgery," and the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Selborne, at the opening of a new branch of the Samaritan Hospital, in 1875, spoke of this operation as "one of the most splendid triumphs of modern surgical art, and one of the greatest achievements of medicine or of surgery in any age." Foreign universities and societies have confirmed these conclusions of our own countrymen. The University of Leyden, at its third centenary, conferred its honorary diploma on the English surgeon; and so did many other European and American institutions. At our own College of Surgeons, of which he was one of the earliest of the Honorary Fellows, having been appointed in 1844, he was elected by the Fellows as a Member of Council in 1871, and re-elected in 1878. Having served for two years as Vice-President, he now succeeds to the honourable office of President, to which he was elected by the Council in July. —Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. G. Jerrard, 107, Regent Street.

THE LATE GENERAL CHRISTOPHER BIRDWOOD

GENERAL CHRISTOPHER BIRDWOOD, formerly of the 3rd Bombay Light Infantry, and some time Commissary-General, Bombay, who died on the 4th July, at Bucklechurch, Gloucestershire, in his seventy-sixth year, entered the Hon. East India Company's service 3rd of May, 1827, and retired 1st of October, 1877, after fifty-two years' service, of which forty-five were spent in India. He early distinguished himself as Police Officer at Mhow, and Commissariat Officer of the Malwa Field Force in 1839-41, and afterwards in connection with the Bombay Commissariat Department during the Persian and Chinese Wars of 1856-7, and the Indian Mutiny in 1857. General Birdwood was a strong friend of the natives of India, and had immense influence with them, and he was one of those, such as the Rev. Dr. John Wilson, the eminent

Missionary of the Free Kirk of Scotland, in Bombay, and Mr. Charles Forjett, the Commissioner of Police, whom Lord Elphinstone intimately consulted in his relations with the native inhabitants of Bombay during the trying times of the Mutiny.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

MORMONS POSING AS THE APOSTLES OF CHRISTIANITY

THIS sketch is suggested by a photograph purchased by one of our artists at Ogden, Utah, and represents a Mormon Elder baptising Indians. As the Mormons are apostles of a creed rather subversive than otherwise of Christianity, the fact that they should have ostentatiously caused themselves to be photographed as apostles of Christianity administering the initial and holy Christian rite of baptism is curiously illustrative of the vulgar conceit and love of self-advertisement which so frequently characterises the followers of Joe Smith. With regard to the Mormon tenets, Mr. Edward A. Thomas, writing in a recent number of the *Fortnightly*, remarks that "Mr. Cannon (one of the Apostles), does not succeed when he attempts to make people believe that the Mormon is a Christian Church. Even after a long residence in Utah it is very difficult for any one to tell what its real tenets are. The masses believe portions of the Bible, all of the Book of Mormon, everything that they hear read from the Church organ, the *Deseret News*, the sermons of the priesthood, and each doctrine, however absurd, which their spiritual leaders may tell them is necessary to salvation. Many of the dignitaries of the Church are openly charged with pantheism and atheism. Some lean far towards the teachings of Buddha. Others maintain that the spirit of every man will become a separate and distinct deity, while many regard the Creator as a being within the limits of their comprehension, and who, like man, exists in a material form. One of their most intelligent elders, who had probably never heard, however, of Gautama or the Nirvana, told me that he did not believe that after death his soul would enjoy a separate existence, but that it would at once return to the God-head and become merged with it."

NOTES DURING ROUGH WEATHER AT PORTLAND

THESE engravings represent incidents during a recent gale. No. 1 shows a steam-yacht, which has been vainly trying to ride out the gale, dragging her anchor. She has hoisted the reversed ensign—a signal of distress. In engraving No. 2 we see a petty officer of a larger vessel telling his superior officer (not without difficulty, such is the tremendous force of the gale) that the steam-yacht has signalled her condition, and also that she is without coal. No. 3 shows a seaman of the yacht hoisting the signal of distress. The last engraving shows a large vessel which has ridden out the gale. The lower yards have been sent down on deck, the topmasts are hoisted, and steam is up.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, paymaster H.M. training ship *Boscawen*.

"KIT"—A MEMORY

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 229.

THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII

THE present year will be an important one in the history of Pompeian excavations. For some time past continued research in the buried city has revealed little, save some pottery and two corpses, those of a woman and a boy. Latterly, however, while excavating in a new quarter, the workers came upon a house, which from the decorations, which are still visible, and from its style of construction, is judged to have been a dwelling of one of the members of the Egyptian or African colony settled at Pompeii. Of our engravings, No. 5 shows the newly-discovered quarter in its present state. It will be seen that the walls are in very good condition, and that the arrangement of the houses is very easily traced. The woodcut No. 1 represents the sculptured foot of the leg of a table in white marble; Nos. 7 and 9 are sculptured rests for tables; and No. 8 is a water-bottle. All are of an Egyptian design, modified somewhat by Greek ideas. They date evidently from the transition period of Egyptian art, when the influence of Greece was becoming more and more potent. The terra-cotta water-bottles numbered 2, 4, and 6 are examples of Græco-Roman art. All are in excellent preservation, the handles being unbroken, and the carving of the Medusa's heads still sharp and well-defined. No. 3 shows a plate with two handles. Round the inside are painted arabesques, and in the centre is a figure of a sleeping child.—Our engravings are from photographs by G. Langer.

THE SANDS OF CULBIN, NEAR FORRES, SCOTLAND

THE Sands or Sandhills of Culbin are distant from Forres about four miles. They extend westward from the mouth of the Findhorn along the Moray Firth to the estates of Kincorth, May, and Brodie, on the south, for a distance of three miles. On approaching the sandhills they gradually appear to grow larger, and at each step taken towards them their huge dome-shaped tops come more distinctly into view. It is only when one has climbed to the top of one of the sandhills that the ghostly desolation of the scene is fully realised. On every side stretch interminable sandhills. It is a little Sahara. No sign of human life appears on the undulating surfaces of sand, and no sound of human activity breaks the deadly quiet of the place. Even the waves, where they break along one side of the sands, curl over languidly and noiselessly. And this dreary waste of sand covers what was once one of the most fertile estates of Scotland. One Richard Moray, who lived about 1240, is recorded to have been the owner of the fair estate of Culbin, which from its fertility and richness received at one time the name of "the granary of Moray." How this rich estate was gradually destroyed by the encroachments of the sand does not seem to be clearly known. The sand, it is said, first made its appearance in 1676. It was heaped up at the west end of the estate, whence it was driven by the wind eastward over the whole land. Sometimes the movement of the sand was gradual; sometimes fields would be engulfed in a day. Finally, according to a received tradition, the whole of the estate, the manor-house, and all the houses of the numerous tenantry, were suddenly overwhelmed during one night of fearful storm. The inhabitants fled for their lives from the blinding and devouring storm of sand, and returning in the morning they found houses, fields, and woods completely obliterated. So, at least, runs the story. Energetic attempts have of late years been made to plant the sandy wilderness, with the double purpose of reclaiming it, and preventing the further spread of the sand. These attempts have in great measure succeeded. Before many years the Sands of Culbin will probably be converted into a fine forest, and the recollection of the fair lands and substantial dwellings buried beneath will fade into dim tradition of the country side.—Our engravings are from a photograph by Mr. D. Johnson, photographer, High Street, Forres, N.B.

NOTE.—Last week, in mentioning the photograph of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, we stated that this was the only photograph of that lady from life issued to the public. The London Stereoscopic Company, however, write to say that they also have published a photograph of that lady from life.



THE EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES of the week have been numerous rather than important. Sir S. Northcote, at Weymouth, could say little more than urge Conservatives to organise, that they might be ready, when the time came, to record their verdict as to the policy of the Government. Opposite extremes have been represented on the one hand, by Alderman Fowler, M.P., at Frome, Lord Edward Thynne, and Captain King-Harman, the last of whom declared that it made his "blood boil" to think of the policy of plunder inaugurated in Ireland; and, on the other hand, by the complacency of Mr. Slater-Booth, who has been assuring the men of Hants that there is a great deal to be satisfied with in the past Session, and by the optimism of Mr. Hopwood, M.P. for Stockport, to whose eyes the reward of Liberal forbearance in the case of Ireland "is not far off;" while the "independent member" has vigorously asserted himself in the person of Mr. J. C. Thompson, from whose address to a temperance meeting at Wharton Park we learn that the Irish and the Egyptian Questions are "subservient in importance to questions of making people sober."

SIR W. LAWSON, endeavouring to persuade an Edinburgh meeting that the Egyptian War was "unnecessary and unjust," was opposed by an amendment in favour of the Government, which was carried by a three-fourths majority.

SOME INTEREST has been aroused in political circles by the formation in the North of England of a National Catholic Conservative Association, of which Sheffield for the present will be the head-quarters. Its professed object is to unite the Catholic vote, to oppose the anarchical tendencies of the time. The London Land Leaguers have already passed a resolution urging their countrymen to keep aloof from "this new Tory organisation."—A hundred refugee Russian Jews, the "pioneer colony" of the Syrian Colonisation Fund, of which Lord Shaftesbury and Viscountess Strangford are joint Presidents, left London Bridge on Monday last for Syria. Land has already been acquired for them out of the Fund, and the Agent of the Committee will receive them on their arrival. Many Jews resident in London came to the station to bid the emigrants God speed.

FROM THE TYNE come tidings of an event which is not unlikely to prove the harbinger of a new era for many of the staple trades of the industrious North—the arrival of the first cargo of South Durham salt from the works at Port Clarence. The discovery of accessible beds of rock-salt in Yorkshire and South Durham is only a matter of the last few months, and the out-put as yet is naturally small. It is believed, however, that these beds will be found to rival those of Cheshire in extent, while the quality of the salt is of the best description. Newcastle, with its large chemical manufactures, will be the chief gainer in the first instance, but the whole district south of the Tees must largely benefit from having another industry in times of depression to fall back upon.

THE ZULU MONARCH leaves on Friday for his own country. The deputation from the National Temperance League, though they contrived at last to obtain an interview, received little encouragement from the wily savage. "Beer," he informed them through the interpreter, "was the common drink of the Zulus," and Zulu beer was not alcoholic, but rather a species of gruel. His countrymen could not make spirituous drinks, and only got them through English traders. The door, therefore, to Zululand must be closed on their side, not on his. Meanwhile Cetewayo has petitioned the Christian Knowledge Society for copies of any books printed in the Zulu language, or any books in English which might be useful to missionaries if translated, and hopes other Societies will assist him in the same way. The last, and perhaps the most curious, present as yet offered to him has been a pack of hounds from Mr. Ratcliff.

IRELAND.—The spirit of discontent among the Irish constabulary, which at the beginning of last week was supposed to have been laid, blazed up anew on Saturday at Limerick, in consequence of an order from the Inspector-General despatching six sub-constables who had been leaders in the recent agitation to various stations in the North. The men declared that this was intended as a punishment, and simultaneously gave in their resignations, which were refused. The Inspector-General was scarcely listened to, and telegrams advocating resistance poured in from barracks west and south. On Monday, five of the six recalcitrants who still refused to obey orders were dismissed, and, for a time, Limerick was almost without police, no less than fifty-seven of their comrades declaring their intention to resign, unless the dismissed sub-constables were re-instated. Wiser councils, however, prevailed at last. It was at that the five mutineers had gone too far, and at the same time it was clearly shown that the obnoxious order had been issued in the first instance, not as punishment for the part the men had taken in the agitation, but for their after conduct in connection with the refusal of the New Pallas police to allow soldiers to be quartered in their barracks. The offered resignations were withdrawn, and a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant was signed instead, praying that the dismissed men might be re-instated, and generally a disposition has been shown to await the issue of the Commission which is now sitting to inquire into the alleged grievances of the force. Among the Metropolitan police, too, whose discontent, on Saturday, found expression in a mass meeting of 400 men, the same more patient feeling has exhibited itself. But discipline, all the same, has received a shock, the consequence of which is not easy to foresee.

MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE, with flags and green rosettes, are said to have followed the funeral procession of C. J. Kirkham, the Fenian leader of 1865, on its way through Dublin on Sunday to the Kingsbridge terminus, whence his body was conveyed by train to his early home near Carrick-upon-Suir. The funeral itself took place on Monday at a late hour, "owing to the significant absence of the local clergy." A Mr. Daly, of Limerick, delivered an oration over the grave.—At a meeting at Belfast, presided over by Mr. Biggar, an address of sympathy was carried with Mr. Gray. The President took occasion to denounce Judge Lawson as "the vulgar tool of a dishonest Government."—Outrages this week have been comparatively few, and in Tipperary tenants are generally beginning to come to an agreement with their landlords. From Limerick the *Pall Mall Gazette* reports some sad evictions of miserable beings, who still cling to the wretched holdings on which it is impossible to earn a living.

BETWEEN DISCUSSIONS OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL, addresses from well-known explorers like Mr. O'Donovan and M. de Tchihatchef, and geographers like Sir R. Temple and the surveyors of Eastern Palestine, marvellous papers like Prof. Schwedoff's, and opportune theses like Sir W. Thomson's upon "Tides," the meetings of the British Association have been perhaps more than usually varied. Saturday was, of course, a day of excursions to the Isle of Wight, to Winchester, and the New Forest, the continued presence of the Court necessitating the postponement of a visit to Osborne. The invitation of Canada for next year was declined, but the year after, if the Canadians wish, the Association will accept the hospitality of Montreal.

FAILING TO SECURE THE PREMIER the Eisteddfod found an admirable substitute in Mrs. Gladstone. Her welcome was

enthusiastic, and her response most happy. An American lady of Welsh descent received the title of "Mairmadox" for an original ode in the language of the Cymry.

AT CHATHAM the Volunteer Engineers were engaged during the first half of the week in the construction of a huge redoubt. Three days were allotted to the work, and each man's "daily task was to dig out and heap up in proper form 100 cubic feet of earth." The whole was completed in good time, though much of the ground was hard and stony.—The Volunteers who have been selected to oppose the Americans in the forthcoming international rifle matches sailed for New York last Saturday in the *Alaska*.—Of 11,000 Reserve men recalled to the ranks only four per cent. remain unaccounted for.

IN ANSWER TO A RENEWED APPEAL FROM THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA the Lord Mayor has sent another 1,000*l.* for the relief of the refugees from Egypt.—At a meeting on Tuesday in aid of the starving Icelanders it was announced that 700*l.* had been subscribed. Six hundred pounds' worth of provisions will be sent out in a steamer leaving for the north-west of the island on September 14th.

A LITTLE PARAGRAPH in an evening paper announces an event which might conceivably have important consequences. The Chinese merchants have resolved, it is said, to write to various clubs in China, recommending emigration to this country. "Chinese cheap labour" would be much more formidable—or profitable—here than in the under-stocked labour markets of America or the Colonies.

ACCIDENTS.—A singular optical illusion caused the other day the loss by drowning of two lives. On the *Persian Monarch* entering the London Docks eight of the crew, deceived by the shadows on the water, plunged in under the impression it was dry land; and, though promptly dragged out, two of the number never recovered from the effect of their immersion.—High tides, swelled by strong winds, have caused much damage on the coast of Sussex. At Hastings six boat-houses of the fishermen were washed away, and others were undermined by the waters that their fall may be expected at any moment.—At Ilfracombe three lads, the sons of Indian parents, who had gone down to bathe in the absence of their tutor, were swept off their feet and drowned by a heavy sea.

WORKING MEN seem as much divided as other people on the vexed question of a Channel Tunnel. On Saturday, at a meeting of the London Trades Council, a resolution in favour of "this great international project" was carried with enthusiasm. Two days later, at a conference of "representative working-men" of the Port of London, it was agreed on unanimously that the tunnel would deprive them of their occupation, by substituting land for sea transport of goods, and that "meetings should be held on both sides of the river" to protest against its construction.

IN ANTICIPATION OF THE COMING ENFORCEMENT OF THE SUNDAY CLOSING ACT in North Wales, the brewers of Flint are preparing to issue small 4½ gallon casks of beer, ready for tapping, and suitable for working-men on Sundays.

AS PRESIDENT OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF MINERS' DELEGATES AT MANCHESTER—representing some twenty-nine districts and over 273,000 pitmen—Mr. Burt, M.P., delivered an admirable address on the two-fold question of the protection of life and the remuneration of labour. As to this latter matter Mr. Burt boldly told his hearers that a general strike was impracticable and reduction of output impolitic. The true thing to aim at was a diminution of the hours of work.

MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SING appears to think that he, too, ought to profit by the mania for restorations. Was not his case like that of Tewfik, and was not Moolraj quite as bad as Arabi? And now his income is only 15,000*l.* a year, and his estate at Elveden must be sold after his death, while the annual surplus of the kingdom to which he was the heir is something like 500,000*l.* The Maharajah, it is true, has lived beyond his means, and cannot now complain of the smallness of his present income. Still, it is natural enough for him to think of that spare half-million in the Punjab.

TYPHOID shows no abatement at Bangor, and is extending to Bethesda and Llandegai. The use of the polluted filter-beds has been discontinued.

A NEW COMMISSION ON HISTORICAL MSS. has been appointed by the Queen. Among the fourteen members are the names of Lords Salisbury, Carnarvon, Houghton, Talbot de Malahide and Acton, Sir George Jessel, Sir G. W. Dasent, and Mr. Hardy.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "CEYLON."—This yacht, whose voyage round the world has been illustrated in this journal by the sketches of our special artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp, reached Southampton last week. This week final letters have appeared in the *Daily News* and *Sportsman*, to both of which journals letters, and to the former telegrams as well, have been sent from most of the ports visited during the trip. Thus friends at home have been kept well informed of the whereabouts and the safety of the passengers throughout the voyage.



THE metropolitan theatres, a considerable number of which have been closed for a few weeks past, begin to show signs of the approaching autumn season. To-night, after an unusually brief holiday, Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the other members of the LYCEUM company, return to their home in the Strand, where for the present they simply resume the performance of the brilliantly picturesque revival of *Romeo and Juliet*. On the same evening the GLOBE Theatre and the CRITERION also reopen—the former with Messrs. Grundy and Solomon's *Vicar of Bray*, partly re-written and otherwise embellished; the latter with a new comedy in three acts, which—presumptively on a hint from the nursery legend regarding the little lady who ate curds and whey from a commanding position—is to be called *Little Miss Muffet*. The new piece, which is, we presume, of the farcical order, is an adaptation by Mr. James Albery from the French of M. Hennequin.

A Russian actor, named Lubimoff, described as a "distinguished Russian tragedian," is to display his powers as an elocutionist at the St. James's Hall this afternoon. Mr. Lubimoff will recite from Shakespeare, Tom Hood, and other standard authors, English, French and Italian. Finally, our visitor will give a "recitation in broken English"—designed, it would appear, to make merry of the supposed efforts of a Frenchman to speak our native tongue. With this elocutionary part of the programme, Mr. Lubimoff combines a concert, vocal and instrumental, in which Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves, Miss Helen Cowell, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, and other well known performers will take part.

Maseppa, that old equestrian melodramatic delight of the frequenters of Astley's, is to be revived this evening at that house. Playgoers of a Conservative turn will perhaps regret to learn that it has been deemed necessary to remove some features now considered old-fashioned, and, above all, to make the love scene conform to a more tender vein—at least, a more modern vein—of sentimental utterance. The great feature of the spectacle—*Maseppa* on the wild horse—remains, we need hardly say, untouched. The latest

successor to the late Miss Ada Isaac Menken is Miss Maude Forrester, who is to ride a fiery but "well-trained" steed known by the name of Lightning.

The official crusade against unsafe theatres appears to be not less vigorous in Paris just now than it is in London. As with us, loud complaints are made of the injustice of troubling lessees on the subject of "structural alterations." In the case of the Paris Vaudeville this difficulty has given rise to a lawsuit between the management and the proprietors, the question being the relative proportions in which each is to bear the cost, which is said to be enormous, of the required alterations. At the Palais Royal a huge tank has been erected on the roof, by aid of which it is said that a mere child might flood the entire interior with water, and this with such rapidity that no fire within could possibly gain ground.

A curious controversy has arisen in the pages of the *Daily News* regarding the length of time, if any, during which a comedy in three acts, entitled *Flirtation*, written by Mr. Somers Bellamy (who is to be the manager of the Novelty Theatre now building in Great Queen Street), "ran" at the Globe Theatre. Mr. Bellamy, who ought to know, asserts positively that it "ran for four months in the year 1878." The critic reaffirms that it never ran at all in the strict sense of the term, though a mutilated version, a mere *lever de rideau*, occupying fifty minutes in performance, and played before the arrival of Mr. Toole, was given in that year, not for four months but for thirty-six nights only. Mr. Righton, as manager of the Globe at the period referred to, has joined in the fray, but he is somewhat vague on this point. Altogether, the difficulty of agreeing on so simple a matter bodes ill for the accuracy of modern stage history.

The applicants for leave to study acting and elocution in the new "School of Dramatic Art" are said to be very numerous. Strangely enough, they are nearly all from the country, from which it appears that the old association between histrionic neophytism and the provinces remains undisturbed by any modern changes of fashion.

M. Planquette's new opera on the subject of *Rip Van Winkle*, written by him expressly for the English stage, is to be produced at the COMEDY Theatre about the end of next month.



THE TURF.—The only meeting of importance, and that of only a secondary kind, has been that at Huntingdon. The fields ruled meagre, and the racing had no influence on future events. The Kimbolton Welter was won by Fetterless, who has been rather unlucky of late; and the Duke of Hamilton's Moccoco, the favourite, beat eleven others in the Peel Handicap. Polaris on the first day, with odds on her, won the Hinchingsbrook Plate for two-year-olds, and followed up her success by taking the Milton Plate on the second. For the Huntingdonshire Stakes the Duke of Hamilton's Friday was not much fancied, considering his recent performance at Goodwood, but he beat Balilol by fifteen lengths and four others. Lowland Lad, who ran third to Moccoco in the Peel Handicap on the first day, having the advantage of the weights in the Cromwell Welter, beat his conqueror and six others.—The two fillies, Geheimniss and Shotover, the Oaks and Derby winners, are still the only animals which are steadily backed for the St. Leger, while the three fillies which were so highly thought of at the beginning of the year—Dutch Oven, St. Marguerite, and Nellie, seem now hopelessly out in the cold.—The famous Danga Stud, belonging to Count Lagrange, is about to come to the hammer, the sale commencing on the 5th of this month. It is likely to attract a large number of our owners, breeders, and trainers across the Channel.

CRICKET.—Lancashire brought its inter-county season to a close with its match against Middlesex, at Manchester, which was won by an innings and 271 runs, 439 being its score, against 70 and 98 of its opponents. This considerably discounts the recent good form of the Metropolitan County.—Kent finished a bad season by a good win against Yorkshire, beating the Northerners by 101 runs. This turns the inter-county cricket somewhat topsy-turvy; and the present season will be remembered for the inconsistent results of many matches.—The great match of Australia v. England at the Oval this week was looked forward to with intense interest, and a greater number of spectators never gathered together on the Surrey ground. The England Eleven of amateurs and professionals was undeniably well selected, and as the Australians had recently been defeated by an eleven of Players and by a mixed team of Old and Present Cambridge men, England was the favourite. When, in the first innings, the Australians were put out for the poor total of 63, thanks mainly to the excellent bowling of Barlow and Peate, it was thought a very "good thing" for the home team. But England could only get 101, the bowling of Spofforth and Boyle being undeniable. Australia responded with 122, thus leaving England with only 85 runs to get to win. But these they failed to get, and were beaten amid a scene of great excitement be seven runs, the "tail" of the English eleven failing most painfully in the hour of need. From one point of view the match was an unsatisfactory one, the state of the ground being very bad. In batting, neither eleven can be said to have approximated its best form; but the bowling on both sides, and the fielding also, was as near perfection as possible. Spofforth, for the Australians, was at his best, and to him their victory was mainly attributable. When we say that it is a matter for regret that this important match was not played under more favourable circumstances, we do not for a moment suggest that any excuse is to be made for our representatives. It was a case of "Greek meeting Greek" all through, and of scientific cricket from beginning to end; and the tremendous ovation our visitors received when they won was an evidence of our appreciation of their excellence, as well as a testimony to our boasted possession of the virtue of acknowledging a defeat when a victory is well earned by opponents.

SWIMMING.—The Mile Professional Championship between Beckwith and Finney at Hollingworth Lake ended in a "no go," the umpire deciding that the race to be swum again, owing to Finney having been fouled by Beckwith.

AQUATICS.—After an interminable dispute as to what constitutes an "amateur" oarsman, and as to the actual status of the American Hillsdale crew, a "private" match has been arranged between them and a Four of the Thames Rowing Club, to come off about the middle of this month. We cannot help thinking that, after all that has passed, it would have been better to have allowed the Americans to have gone home without this match. If they win it, it will be asked, "What does it prove?"—The rowing world has heard with great regret that J. Sadler, the ex-champion professional sculler, is very dangerously ill.

ANGLING.—That *rara avis*, the Thames trout, has come to hand this season more freely than heretofore. Among recent captures, one of 12 lbs. from the "old river" between Datchet and Wraysbury has made his capturer immortal, though an ignoble lob-worm on a leger was the accidental means of the death of *Salmo fario*.



WOLVES are unusually numerous just now in the French Landes, where they commit much damage amongst the flocks.

THE QUEEN OF ITALY possesses a splendid mezzo-soprano voice, and is an accomplished vocalist. Recently Queen Margherita sang at a private concert in Venice.

"JOHN BULL OR ARAHI PASHA," a "comico-political" farce on the British operations in Egypt, is now being played with great success in the Prussian town of Prenzlau.

THE TELEPHONE HAS BEEN UTILISED FOR COMMUNICATION WITH DIVERS at Sunderland during some repairs at the Docks. The result was far superior to that of the old method of signalling.

THE DRAINING OF THE ZUYDER ZEE, which we lately stated to be in progress, appears to be yet in abeyance, according to a correspondent, who writes from Amsterdam that, although the plan has been contemplated for many years, the work has not yet been begun.

THE VESSEL IN WHICH NAPOLEON I. RETURNED TO FRANCE from his expedition to Egypt was wrecked off Toulon on the very day that England took possession of the Suez Canal—a coincidence which has been much commented on by the French journals. This old flag-ship, the *Muiron*, was used for police service, and suddenly went down in five minutes.

THE TWO ITALIAN OARSMEN who undertook to row from Rome to Paris in outriggers have crossed the Mediterranean safely, thus accomplishing the most dangerous part of their journey. They will now travel up the Rhone and the Saone into the Seine, but their progress is very slow. Their two boats, *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, are thirteen feet long, and of very light draught.

THE CHESHIRE SALT DISTRICT is threatened with further landslips, similar to those which caused so much trouble last year. Thus at Winsford a fresh landslip has begun near the site of an old brine shaft, while the ground is fast sinking at Dunkirk, close to the previous great subsidences. Here, too, the air in rushing out from the old workings produces miniature geysers of mud and water.

A NETWORK OF ANCIENT SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES has been discovered under the Kremlin at Moscow during a search for Nihilist mines. These passages apparently date from the time of Ivan the Terrible, over three centuries ago, and lead to a neighbouring convent, thus, it is supposed, facilitating the enormous number of secret executions which took place during the brutal Czar's reign.

A RAILROAD OVER THE BRUNIG PASS, between Lucerne and Brienz, is soon to spoil one of the most charming and best-known drives in Switzerland. The expense of construction is estimated at 280,000*l.*, but it is anticipated that the increased traffic would amply recoup the outlay. As, however, the journey is neither long nor difficult, nor is the road of any great commercial value, the scheme will be heartily condemned by lovers of the picturesque.

THE BODIES OF THE UNFORTUNATE COMMANDER OF THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION and his companions are to be brought to America for burial, and special metallic "caskets" are being constructed. The remains will be taken in their present frozen condition, will be wrapped in felt, then packed in cork-dust, and hermetically sealed, to prevent contact with the air of the warmer regions. The American Government has promised 5,000*l.* for the purpose.

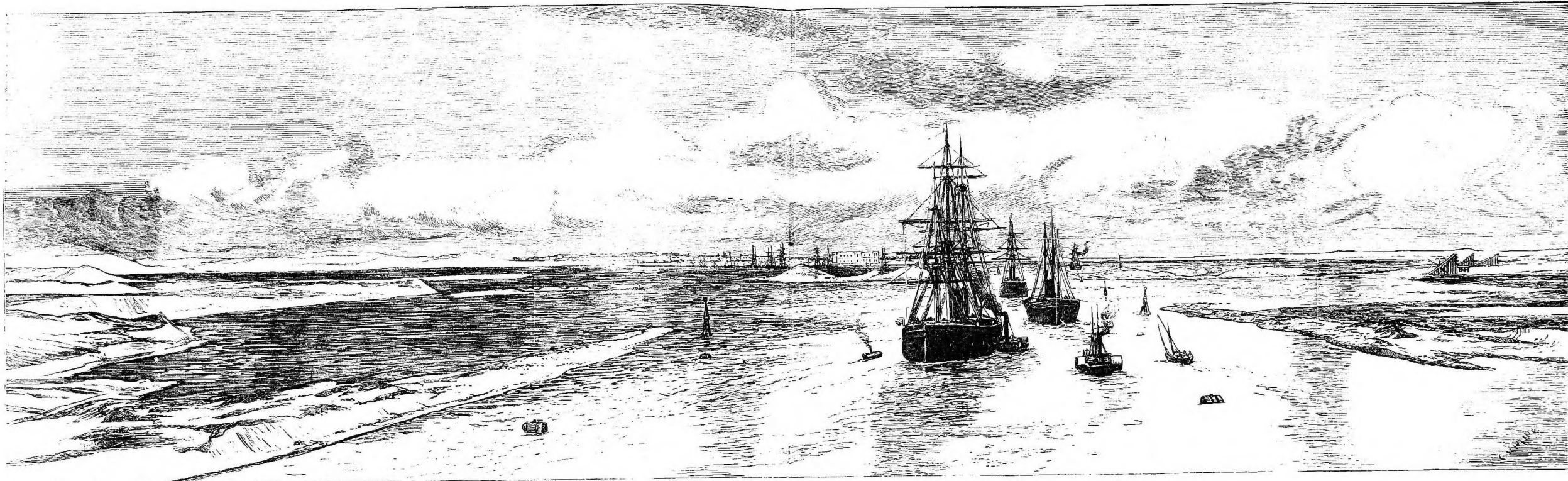
THE TRANSIT OF VENUS, ON DECEMBER 6, will be observed by four German and eight American parties. The German observers are shortly to leave Hamburg for their stations at Connecticut, South Carolina, Costa Rica, and the Straits of Magellan, while the Americans start for Santa Cruz, Santiago, the Cape of Good Hope, and New Zealand. At home, the Americans will watch the passage of the planet at New Mexico, Texas, Florida, and Washington. No station will be taken further north than Washington, as, beyond there, the sky is exceedingly cloudy, the percentage of clouds being much smaller on the Gulf Coast.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION to be held in London next year promises to be a great success. Foreign countries have entered well into the scheme, and in many cases Government grants have been accorded for suitable national representation. One of the most interesting departments will illustrate the various systems used abroad in forecasting the weather. The United States will contribute largely, and the *American Register* tells us that a special iron steamer, the *Albatross*, is being built at Delaware to gather and preserve sea-fish for the American section. She will bring over a full cargo of fish and aquatic reptiles and insects, and on her way will collect additional deep-sea specimens by the aid of a huge dredge.

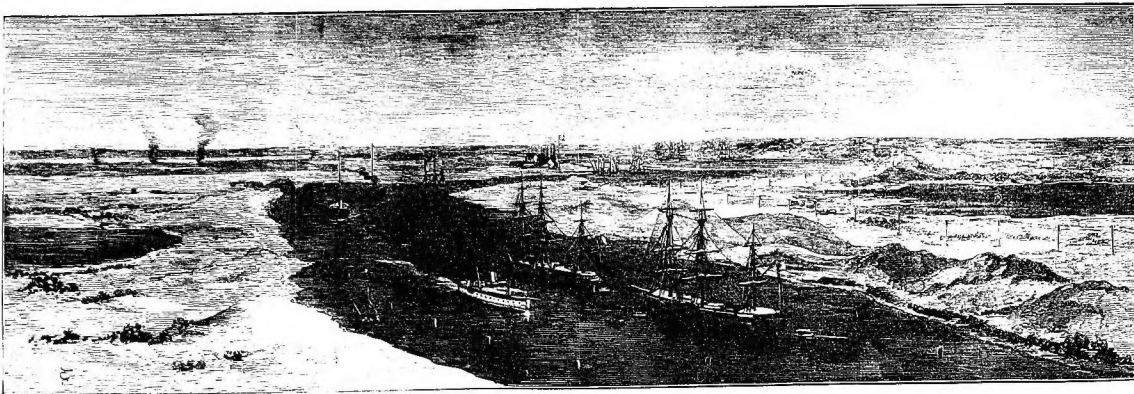
THE ROYAL CARRIAGES OF KING HENRI CINQ OF FRANCE, prepared for the intended Monarchical *coup d'état* in 1873, are lying idle in Paris, the *Figaro* tells us. When the Comte de Chambord's restoration was confidently expected, a dozen gala carriages were ordered, and six of these were completed at a cost of 40,000*l.* Four are cushioned with Royal blue, sown with *fleurs de lys*, the same Bourbon emblem being hand-painted on the outside. The King's gala coach is cushioned with white satin, dotted with the Royal arms and crown on a gold ground, while the ceiling bears the arms in a golden sun; and the four lamps alone cost 1,220*l.* Nearly the whole of the sides are of glass, to exhibit the monarch to his loving subjects.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,401, against 1,528 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 127, and 94 below the average, while the death-rate fell to 18.8 per 1,000. There were 27 deaths from measles (a decrease of 14), 1 from small-pox (a decline of 4, and 9 below the average), 36 from scarlet fever (a fall of 4), 18 from diphtheria (a rise of 1), 40 from whooping cough (a decrease of 12), 1 from typhus, 14 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, 158 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 6), and 6 from simple cholera (a fall of 5). Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths, of which 42 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,554 births registered (being a decrease of 116, and 3 below the average). The mean temperature was 57 deg.—4.1 deg. below the average.

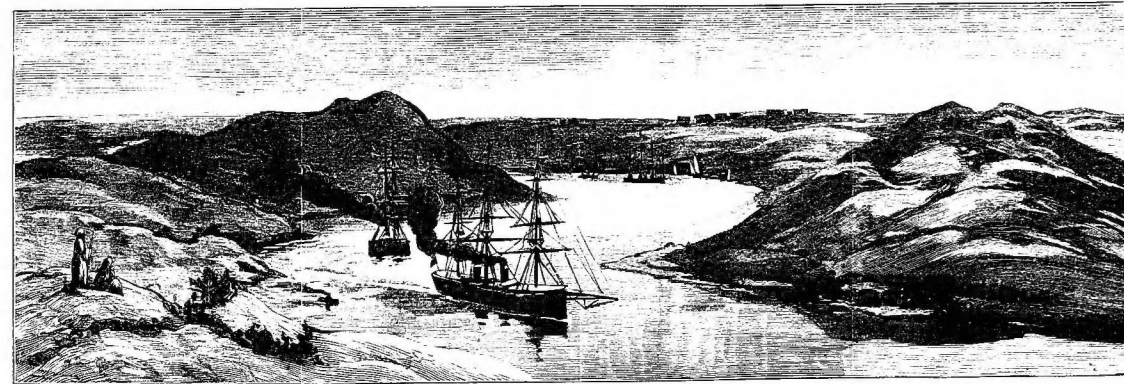
THE SITE OF THE UNFORTUNATE RING THEATRE, AT VIENNA, is being covered by an immense building, constructed at the Emperor's expense, and which will be let out in flats, and the income appropriated to the Viennese poor. The Emperor's plan of devoting to charitable uses a spot where so many lost their lives has given great satisfaction, particularly to the families of the victims. Meanwhile the lessons of the fire have not been wasted. Those theatres considered unsafe have been shut; others are being altered; while at one house the manager has put up outside huge iron staircases communicating with every storey. In each theatre, also, an iron curtain is lowered between every act, to ensure the safeguard being in proper working order. Talking of fires in public buildings, an ingenious precaution against a conflagration behind the scenes will be introduced at a new theatre in New York. The ceiling over the stage is covered with a system of automatic sprinklers, capped with lead. When the heat reaches 180 degs. the leaden caps melt away, and immediately a steady flow of water pours down from a number of jets.



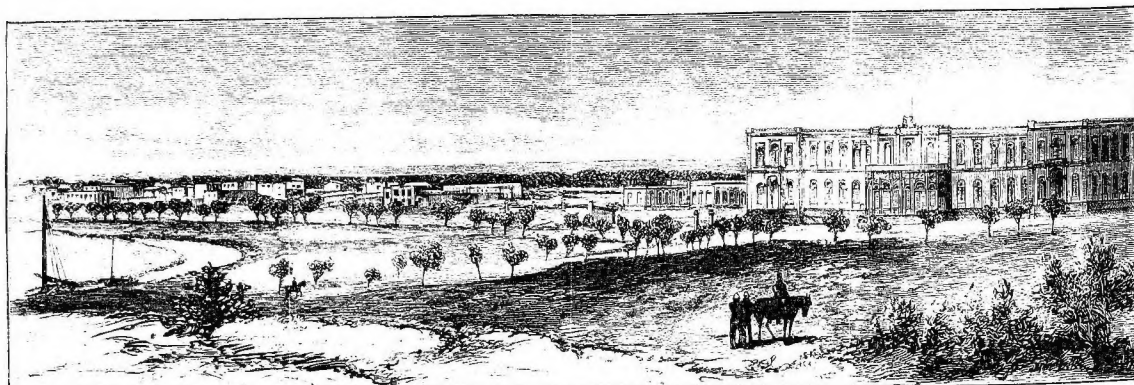
ISMAILIA, FROM THE CANAL



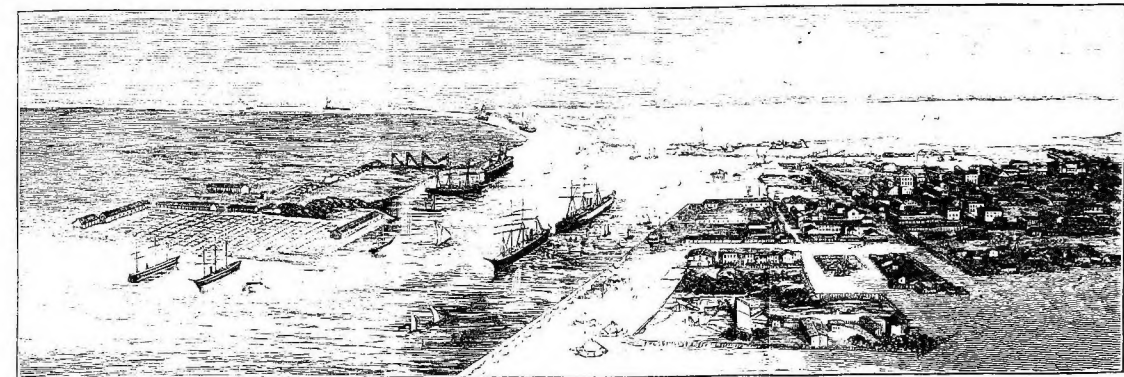
KANTARA STATION



A CURVE IN THE CANAL CLOSE TO ISMAILIA



THE KHEDIVE'S PALACE, ISMAILIA



PORT SAID

THE WAR IN EGYPT-VIEWS ON THE SUEZ CANAL



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—The British forces are steadily winning their way westwards from Ismailia, and hitherto their operations have resulted in unqualified success. Hampered by the want of transport, the overpowering heat, and the fatiguing character of the ground, the men have behaved admirably, working with the greatest energy, and being ever eager to engage even when tired out and hungry. Sir G. Wolseley pushed on without delay as soon as his troops were fairly landed last week, and seized, on the 24th ult., the dam on the Sweet Water Canal, between El Magfar and Mahuta—or Rameses—which the Egyptians had hastily thrown up to stop the water supply for Ismailia. Here the British remained all day, a small force of some 1,000 against 10,000 Egyptians, not strong enough to advance without reinforcements. Their artillery was unfortunately weak,—only one small battery, under Lieutenant Hickman, against twelve powerful Egyptian pieces, but the guns were worked splendidly, the men merely turning aside for a brief rest when the Marines came in to help. Of actual hard fighting there was none. It was a question of endurance under a galling fire and a fierce sun, which injured more men than the enemy's shells. Strong as they were the Egyptians hesitated to advance, fearing that a powerful body of the British were lurking in the background, while the British Cavalry could do little, as their horses were out of condition from their sea-voyage. Reinforcements at last came up, and early next morning General Drury Lowe with the Cavalry attacked the enemy's rear at Mahsameh, routed them with considerable loss, and captured the camp, with some valuable Krupp guns. Meanwhile the main body under General Willis advanced on Mahuta, where they found that the Arabs had discreetly departed with their guns during the night. Mahuta was a strongly entrenched position, well capable of being defended, but traces in the camp prove that the Egyptians engaged were mostly peasantry, unwilling to resist any serious attack. Indeed throughout Arabi is careful to put the poor fellahen in front to bear the brunt of the battle, and reserves the pick of his men for his main defences. The Arabs had suffered heavily, but notwithstanding the odds the British loss in the two days' encounter was small—five killed and twenty-five wounded, a much larger number being incapacitated by sun-stroke. The Guards and the Duke of Connaught were unfortunately unable to get up in time to help, although they struggled bravely through the deep sand. General Graham was next sent on to capture Kassassin Lock, on the Canal—a valuable position regarding the water supply; and here, after the General had successfully taken possession, the first important battle of the campaign was fought on Monday night. For the first time the enemy took the offensive, and Arabi himself was present, being probably forced to action by the loss of his chief assistant, Mahmoud Fehmy, who has fallen into our hands. The Egyptians were greatly superior, both in number and artillery, but the British stood their ground gallantly, and as the Cavalry reinforcements came up General Graham moved out to attack. Simultaneously the Cavalry, under Colonel Baker Russell, made a fierce charge on the Egyptian ranks, which broke into complete confusion, and were hopelessly routed. The enemy at once beat a retreat on Tel-el-Kebir, but managed to carry off most of the guns, although leaving the ammunition behind. On our side the losses numbered seven killed and fifty-one wounded, but the success is specially valuable as dealing a direct blow at Arabi's personal prestige. His presence in the field has thus only led to disaster, although it is noted that he has greatly improved in his tactics, as he kept the British on the alert by feints all day on Monday, trying to tire them out before delivering the actual attack. The charge of our cavalry was gallantly made, and the Egyptians fell in large numbers under the British sabres. Colonel Baker Russell had his horse shot under him, but mounted another and pressed on.

This victory brings the British within a short distance of Tel-el-Kebir, where some real hard fighting is anticipated. Defended by strong entrenchments, this position is flanked on each side by water, and according to Mahmoud Fehmy the artillery force is larger than expected. This officer's capture is most important, for Mahmoud has been Arabi's head man since the beginning of the revolt, and as a clever engineer and organiser has been aptly called Arabi's brains. He was caught in the British lines, wearing plain clothes, and would have escaped recognition had it not been for an Egyptian prisoner accidentally passing. Many officers have come in to submit to the Khédive, and the numerous prisoners seem glad enough to be captured; while, if their statements are to be believed, great discontent and division prevail in the rebel camp. Returning to the state of our own troops, the eternal transport trouble has caused much anxiety. Mules were not forthcoming, the railway was cut, and no rolling stock available, while, owing to the lack of native labour, the soldiers were forced to work hard all day in the broiling sun. At last engines have come from Suez, and the railway has been repaired, so that the chief difficulties are surmounted. The water is still the great anxiety, for, apart from the scanty supply, the Arabs have flung dead bodies of human beings and animals into the Sweet Water Canal, thereby poisoning the fluid, which is most dangerous. Officers and men alike suffer, and there are a good many sick. Some of the Indian troops are shortly expected at Ismailia, all having landed at Suez, and this detachment will be the more valuable, as they bring ample provisions and transport supplies, and are moreover seasoned to the climate. By their arrival the British force in Egypt now musters 31,468 men, of whom 23,987 form the European contingent. The total includes 19,223 infantry, 3,818 cavalry, 1,927 artillery, and 1,278 engineers, but the guns provided are far from sufficiently numerous. The Suez Canal continues quiet, although the Arabs frequently harass the line of communication from Ismailia to the front. Port Said is strongly occupied, as some danger is apprehended from Fort Ghemil, a short distance along the coast, and a gunboat goes out there every night to guard against a sudden sortie. News from Cairo declares that the Governor of the Citadel is anxious to submit to the English, and that the town is quiet, while Nubar Pasha's house is the only building yet plundered.

Affairs at Alexandria have sunk considerably into the shade, and even the reconnoitring parties seem less active than usual. The Arabs are chiefly busy in constructing earthworks, and as new and threatening entrenchments have been thrown up at Mandara, near Ramleh, the *Minotaur* has shelled the position. They are specially busy near Mex, where the British propose to counteract their operations by cutting the dykes at Lake Mareotis, and flooding the neighbourhood. A reconnoitring party, under Lieutenant Hancock, found the enemy here numerous and well supplied with guns. The Alexandrian garrison are also suffering slightly in health, the soldiers faring worse than the sailors, as they have greater opportunities of procuring unwholesome fruit and drink. Here, too, the water is scarce and bad, while the condition of the town is not improved by the enormous immigration of poor people, 500 arriving in one day. Cherif Pasha accordingly announces that persons having no visible means of existence nor fixed occupation will not be allowed to land. Meanwhile Cherif has formed his Cabinet, which is not regarded with great favour, as the Ministers chiefly belong to the old school, save Riaz, who takes the Interior, whilst Cherif manages the Foreign Affairs. The Khédive has now sent a trusted Commissioner, Sultan Pasha, to accompany Sir Garnet Wolseley, in order to convince the

population that the British are acting solely in support of his authority. The Highlanders and a considerable number of the other troops have been sent off to Ismailia, and General Hamley and Sir A. Alison on leaving have entrusted the local command to Sir Evelyn Wood.

TURKEY watches the success of our troops with jealous eyes, but at last, however, the Porte has come to terms regarding both the Military Convention and the proclamation against Arabi, and the signature of the Convention is daily expected. Another point has also been yielded, for the Porte has released those mule-drivers engaged for the British forces in Egypt. Indeed, Turkey sees the necessity of conciliation, as troubles threaten her on all sides. All difficulties, however, are not yet entirely surmounted, for Turkey disapproves of the three points fixed by England for the landing of the troops—Aboukir, Damietta, and Rosetta—and wants permission to land at Alexandria in case of necessity. RUSSIA is very anxious to get the Convention laid before the Conference; but as yet her efforts have been unsuccessful. The agitation in SYRIA grows more threatening; TRIPOLI is very disturbed, owing to the popular belief that Islam will triumph in the coming thirteenth century of the Hegira, which begins in November—a belief fanned by a pretender calling himself the Messiah; while a collision with GREECE has now occurred. Disturbances had been brewing at a disputed point at Karalik Dervend, on the new Thessalian frontier; and serious encounters have taken place between the Turkish and Greek troops, it being difficult to decide which was the aggressor. A sharp argument is accordingly going on between the Governments, both of whom intend to send fresh troops to the spot.

FRANCE continues absorbed in the Eastern Question, and has now directed her energies to getting up a banquet in honour of M. de Lesseps on his return. At first intended mainly as an anti-British demonstration, the scheme was considerably snubbed by the Gambettists, and other parties have gradually seceded until the plan has now assumed the inoffensive shape of a compliment to M. de Lesseps for his services in preserving the Canal from Arabi. The excitement against England has greatly calmed down, and the majority of the Press view the situation sensibly, admiring the British strategy and pluck. They watch the progress of events in the East with all the more anxiety owing to the reports of the fanatic excitement in Tripoli, which they fear may react on Tunis. Happily the insurgent tribes of the latter province who had taken refuge in Tripoli have submitted, after holding out for a year. Some 15,000 have recrossed the frontier in great destitution and acknowledged the new authority, the French Minister at Tunis wisely assuming a friendly attitude, and promising them pardon and assistance.

At home there is little stirring. Agriculturists look for a fair harvest, and PARIS begins to show signs of life, as several theatres have reopened. Mlle. Louise Michel enlivens the dulness by a grand meeting to promote a general strike of women, while a less harmless excitement is the revival of the anti-German feeling, thanks to an ironical invitation sent to a French Patriotic Society to join a *fête* given by the German Gymnastic Association. The latter Society has already made itself objectionable by sundry demonstrations, and the police, learning that the Patriotic League intended to appear in force, stopped the *fête* altogether. So the French League held a meeting on their own account, at which they called the Teutons hard names, and the incident has aroused considerable bitterness.

In her turn, GERMANY, roused by the coming anniversary of Sedan, has indulged in a burst of spite against France. Thus Prince Bismarck's *North German Gazette* routs out an old speech, delivered by M. Paul Bert a month ago, when the eloquent Free-thinker foolishly quoted a spurious proclamation of Prince Frederick Charles during the 1870 war, and the journal uses the opportunity for a fresh attack on M. Gambetta and his adherents. Indeed, the Germans are somewhat quarrelsome just now, and the strife waxing warm between Clericals and Liberals, and all electoral parties in particular. Even the anti-Jewish faction have split among themselves, and while Pastor Stöcker supports the agitation on religious grounds, Dr. Henrici takes a sterner view, and maintains that German Jews are not fellow-countrymen but foreign parasites, to be got rid of at all costs. The revival of the Kulturkampf seems imminent, thanks to the Bishop of Breslau and his dictates respecting the marriage of Protestants and Catholics. The Emperor is specially angry, but is very anxious to find some means of calming down the ecclesiastical troubles, so that Herr von Schlozer has been travelling to and fro between His Majesty and Prince Bismarck. Probably the Emperor will give some signal mark of his displeasure with the Bishop, when he goes to Breslau next week, to be present at the grand army manoeuvres. The Crown Princess will accompany him, as the Empress has not yet sufficiently recovered from her fall, and Breslau will greet her ruler with great festivities, including a grand historical procession, arranged by the Silesian nobility, to illustrate the Hohenzollern connection with the province. Subsequently, the Emperor goes to Dresden to review the Saxon army, and meanwhile he held the half-yearly review of the Guards at Berlin on Wednesday, remaining on horse-back throughout the march-past of 20,000 men, notwithstanding the heavy rain. The Brunswick succession difficulty is again being discussed, and fresh negotiations have been opened with the Duke of Cumberland.

RUSSIA.—Notwithstanding the repeated denials that any date has been fixed for the Czar's coronation, it is firmly believed that the ceremony will take place in October, and that all reports to the contrary are intended for the Nihilists' benefit. Preparations are being secretly made, both in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and probably the Danish Royal family may be present, while the Prince of Montenegro's visit is believed to be connected with the ceremony. Meanwhile the Czar has given audience to a large number of officers on their promotion, when, instead of the usual complimentary observations, he remarked, "I trust you know how to fight valorously for your country, and to defend the honour of Russia." Alexander has now adopted the title of Sovereign of Turkestan, adding the Asiatic emblem of the Unicorn to the Imperial arms. General Tcherniaeff leaves next week for Turkestan, and on assuming his Governorship will not give the usual presents to the native chiefs, in order to signify their complete subjection to Russia. Much alarm has been created by the appearance of the Siberian plague in several parts of European Russia, and one death has occurred at Odessa.

INDIA.—The smouldering antagonism between the Hindoos and the Mahomedans has again burst out at Salem in Madras, where a similar conflict occurred a few months since. This time the Hindoos were the aggressors, and committed great atrocities. Numbers of Mussulmans were brutally murdered, the mosque and many houses were sacked and burnt, and the British authorities had much difficulty in restoring quiet. The affair has aroused great bitterness amongst all Indian Mahomedans. No surprise is felt at the failure of the Burmese negotiations, as it is generally believed that Theebaw never seriously intended to conclude a treaty. The Viceroy will visit Lahore and Lucknow in November, and will open the Sirhind Canal.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Emperor and Empress of AUSTRIA will visit the Trieste Exhibition on the 17th inst., and the city is preparing a warm welcome to efface the disagreeable impression of late occurrences. The Socialists are very active in Vienna, and are committing robberies to increase their funds.—In BELGIUM a serious fire has done much damage in the Antwerp docks.—ITALY proposes to rely for the future on native iron, as the Valley of Aosta furnishes sufficient for the construction of ironclads. The Tuscan vintage is so abundant that the wine-growers are selling all their

old wine cheap to get sufficient barrels for the new crop. The Italians have now come to grief with SWITZERLAND, as a Swiss Roman Catholic Society, the Pius-Verein, visiting the Borromean Islands, was attacked and insulted at Stresa by a crowd of Radicals. The season is very unfavourable in the Alps, much snow having fallen, while the prevalence of the Föhn, or south wind, during the summer has caused numerous village fires. Thus Baetterskinden and Oberhofen, in the Bernese Oberland, have been burnt down. Nevertheless the harvest is good, particularly the hay crop.—The UNITED STATES are also suffering from heavy rains, severe inundations having occurred in Texas with much loss of life. The Indians are very disturbed, particularly the Sioux in Omaha, who threaten hostilities.—The agitation against Cetewayo's restoration continues amongst the colonists in SOUTH AFRICA, and Durban is busy with public meetings and petitions. On the other hand, the chief Dabulamanzi declares that the whole country will welcome the King back. Our old enemy Secocoeni, who gave the British so much trouble until vanquished by Sir Garnet Wolseley after the Zulu War, has been killed by Mampoor, the chief put in his place by the British Government and subsequently deposed by the Boers. JAPAN threatens COREA with war in consequence of the recent massacres and attack on the Japanese Legation.



THE QUEEN and the Princess Beatrice were expected to leave the Isle of Wight for Balmoral on Thursday. In the mean time the Duchess of Connaught and the Duke and Duchess of Albany have been with Her Majesty at Osborne, and the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Connaught, have witnessed some artillery practice with Nordenfolt, Gatling, and Gardner guns on the beach in Osborne Bay. Earl Granville arrived on Saturday, and had audience of Her Majesty, while in the evening the Queen gave a small dinner-party. Next morning Her Majesty, with the Duchess of Connaught and the Princesses Beatrice, Sophie, and Margaret, attended Divine Service at Osborne, when Canon Prothero officiated. Lord Granville left on Monday morning, and the Duke of Cambridge lunched with the Queen, while later the Duc de Nemours arrived on a visit, and joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday Her Majesty received Commander Mitchell, Major Grant, and Lieutenant Wilbraham.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will return home from Germany about the 12th inst., and after spending a week in town will go to Scotland. For the present the Princess continues with her mother and father at Wiesbaden, while the Prince follows out his course of water-drinking at Homburg. Unfortunately the weather is wet and muggy, and the Prince's enjoyment of his stay is somewhat marred by the visitors' curiosity. The Princess with her children spent a day at Homburg last week, and accompanied the Prince to the afternoon concert, while on Saturday she visited the Princess of Waldeck at Soden. Both the Princess and her parents preserve strict *incognito*, and have entirely dispensed with the Royal honour of a Guard at the hotel, or the National Standard on the flagstaff. They spend their days chiefly in driving, and frequently attend the concerts at the Kurgarten.—Princes Albert Victor and George have now gone to Friedberg to witness the cavalry manoeuvres, in which the Grand Duke of Hesse takes part.—The Prince of Wales has been invited to attend the coming meeting of the Yeovil Agricultural Society in November, as he owns considerable property in the neighbourhood as Duke of Cornwall.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh remain at Coburg, where the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia has visited his sister.—The Duke of Connaught enjoys good health in Egypt, and is most assiduous in his duties, personally looking after the wounded. Probably the Duchess will remain in the Isle of Wight a short time longer instead of going to Scotland.—Prince and Princess Christian and their sons are still at Pontresina, where they recently attended the opening of the New English Church.—The Duke of Albany has been obliged to give up his intended visit to Preston next week, owing to his present state of health. He has been ill almost ever since his arrival at Osborne, and at the beginning of the week his condition caused so much anxiety that a doctor sat up with him at night. He took a favourable turn shortly after, however, and on Thursday was much better. Although he will not be strong enough to travel for some time the Duke has been ordered a sea voyage when convalescent, and the *Alberta* is kept at Cowes in readiness.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne start for San Francisco next week, on their way to British Columbia.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany are now visiting the Italian lakes, but are expected home next week.—The Grand Duke of Baden will resume the reins of Government early this month, having delegated his authority to his son for nearly twelve months after his severe illness last year. The Duke's health is greatly improved.



LATEST BULLETINS report some improvement in the health of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has been seriously ill for the last ten days with a feverish attack, complicated by congestion of the lungs. Frequent inquiries after his health have been made by the Queen, and the Prince of Wales has telegraphed from Homburg. The Bishop of Gibraltar is now staying with his Grace at Addington.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY BISHOP has been lost to the Church through the death by apoplexy, on the 22nd of August, of the Right Rev. Edward Steere, D.D., the successor of Bishop Tozer in the See of Zanzibar. Dr. Steere was a graduate and Gold Medallist of the University of London, and accompanied Bishop Tozer to Africa as his chaplain in 1862. He was consecrated Bishop of Central Africa at Westminster Abbey in 1874. His loss to the Mission is described by Canon Liddon as irreparable. Dr. Steere was a man of many accomplishments—an author, a lawyer, a printer, a master carpenter, and an architect.

THE SILLY DISTURBANCES AT ST. JUDE'S, LIVERPOOL, were renewed last Sunday, and one young man, who turned out to be a non-parishioner and a Baptist, was given into custody for threatening the Rev. Mr. Fitzroy, and assaulting Mr. Bailey, "the people's warden," who tried to prevent him from going back into the church, and was fined by the magistrates 40s. and costs.

AN ANTI-VICAR'S RATE WAR has broken out in Coventry, where the incumbents of the two principal parishes have power under local Acts to levy compulsory rates for their maintenance. These rates, it appears, have lately been much increased in the parish of Holy Trinity, and the Nonconformists, "for conscience

sake," have determined to resist. Attempts at compromise having failed, the Vicar served notices for payment on thirteen of the leading Dissenters of the parish, and the magistrates have since decided, "with regret," to issue distress warrants.

A COMMISSION OF THREE, appointed by the Roman Catholic Bishops in their recent Synod, is meeting now at the Archbishop's House, Westminster, to prepare a new Calendar of Saints and English Martyrology. The object is to revive the memory of the Saxon saints to whom so many English churches were once dedicated.

THE EXILED FRENCH RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN ENGLAND are said to be in great straits for want of means, and, in some instances, find it impossible to maintain their novices. Lady Georgiana Fullarton has issued an appeal to the Catholic public on their behalf.

THE VICAR OF PORTSEA takes advantage of the hundredth anniversary of the loss of the *Royal George* (August 29th, 1782) to remind the world that a fund has lately been started to put in thorough order the church and churchyard in which many of the victims of that day lie buried. The simple tablets which mark the spot are much decayed, and the church where Dickens and Isambard Brunel were baptised is greatly in need of enlargement and repairs.

THE SALVATION ARMY will despatch two "majors" and twenty-two "officers" to India, Australia, and New Zealand. The Indian contingent will be headed by Mr. F. Tucker, an ex-official of the Government, and will make the heathen, not the whites of India, the field of its operations.

LAST SUNDAY, at the first of a series of autumn and winter services, to be held under the auspices of the Church of England Mission to the People in the Victoria Coffee Hall—once better known as the Victoria Theatre—the Bishop of Rochester preached to a large congregation, which has been described as "disappointingly well dressed." Moody and Sankey's hymns were sung, and there were present some 2,000 persons; but of the ordinary population of the "New Cut" the proportion was apparently extremely small.

THE PROPOSAL to place a memorial of the poet Longfellow in Westminster Abbey has met with very general approval. Mr. Tennyson, the Dean of Wells, and the President of the Royal Academy are among those who have recently added their names to the Committee.



BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL (*Correspondence, Aug. 30*).—What was written in last week's *Graphic* with reference to the Birmingham Festival of 1882 has, up to the moment at which I write, been verified to the letter. The performance of *Elijah* was grand beyond expectation. Sir Michael Costa seemed bent upon showing the renowned Frenchman to whom we are indebted for the most ambitious novelty included in the programme what he and his "merry men" of the orchestra, backed by the splendid chorus which followed with equal zeal and decision the indications of his masterly and emphatic bat, could do for the greatest oratorio of the century, *without a rehearsal*, which had not M. Gounod, through a slight attack of bronchitis, been prevented from hearing might to a certain extent have convinced our distinguished visitor that the English instead of being an *un-musical* are an eminently musical people. I venture to say that nowhere out of England could such a feat have been accomplished. Enthusiasm seemed to pervade all ranks—chorus, orchestra, and solo vocalists being equally roused to more than ordinary efforts by the example of their honoured chief. To enter into details would unnecessarily encroach upon your limited space. The names of the leading singers have already been published, and it must suffice to add that the whole of the Prophet's music was allotted to Mr. Santley, who never more convincingly proved himself the *Elijah* of *Elijahs*, that Mr. Edward Lloyd gave the chief tenor music, with the two incomparable solo airs, with even more than his accustomed fervour; that Madame Albani, leading soprano in the second division of the oratorio, gave the impressive admonition, "Hear ye, Israel," with its stimulating climax, "Be not afraid," in a manner which left criticism dumb; that Miss Anna Williams, in the soprano music of Part I., showed both feeling and intelligence; and that the contralto music being shared between Mesdames Trebelli and Patey, the former in the opening section, the latter in the sequel, could hardly have been in more thoroughly careful and efficient keeping. In fact a more generally effective interpretation has seldom been recognised, and "Thanks be to God," the glorious peroration to the first part, may once more have been fairly translated by the Birmingham people as a hymn of gratitude for the lucky chance that gave them so magnificent an appanage to their ample repertory of high-class Biblical music, after the long-protracted "drought" which, with rare intermissions, had oppressed them in the interval that elapsed between *St. Paul* and *Elijah*. The performance was by no means the less enjoyable because of the restriction imposed upon audible expressions of approval, and the prohibition (tacitly understood and willingly obeyed) of encores. This rule should be implicitly adhered to, and was adhered to to-day, when the *Redemption* of M. Gounod (who may never meet with such an opportunity of hearing *Elijah* as *Elijah* should be heard to be fully understood and appreciated) was wisely submitted to the same conditions. The result was that the new and long-expected oratorio, from the pen of the French composer most in vogue at the actual period, was heard with sustained attention and interest from beginning to end. About the plan and character of this remarkable composition your readers have been amply informed. I may add, however, that the form is not merely novel, but thoroughly justified by a success as unquestionable as was the fair reward of a serious work so earnestly contemplated and laboriously developed. M. Gounod has altogether eschewed the traditional groove, emancipating himself boldly, as Wagner has done—and, it must be admitted, with a voice more purely and continuously melodious—from all previous so-called restrictions. He has succeeded in proportion, and I am greatly mistaken if, for a considerable period at least, *The Redemption* is not destined to become, in a "popular" sense, the new oratorio of our time. It possesses all the qualities requisite to invite and flatter a growing prevalent taste which accepts new dispositions of things artistic, no matter in what form presented; but, happily, the admired French musician, who has carved out for himself a niche in the hearts of our countrymen, and more especially of our countrywomen, presents them in a manner so seductive as to be little short of irresistible. For the religiously inclined the way in which he has treated the theme of *The Redemption* will offer peculiar fascination. M. Gounod has treated the theme in an entirely independent manner. Even in his illustration of Chaos, which opens the prologue to his "Trilogy" (taking in *Calvary*, the *Resurrection* and *Ascension*, and *Pentecost*—which, with equal propriety, may be regarded as an epilogue), he has judiciously avoided all traceable reference to Haydn's conception of the same theme; while in the description of darkness, which he leaves the orchestra to illustrate with chromatic perseverance, he has with equal judgment steered clear of the famous passage in *Israel*,

where the miracles preceding the *Exodus* are set forth. In short M. Gounod, in the plan and development of his oratorio, speaks for himself; and this, enhanced by the abundant melody and rich harmonic treatment that distinguish it from end to end, invests the whole composition with a sustained tone of originality, telling its own tale in a way not easy to misconstrue. More than this I am not inclined to say after a single hearing; but less would have been unjust towards a production the merits of which are self-evident. I may add, however, that Gounod, after the Wagner fashion, has a *leit-motiv*, "typical of the Redeemer, God and Man," which occurs at frequent intervals, and once heard will be difficult to banish from memory. That the performance generally was more than satisfactory to the composer he himself has candidly admitted, and I may say with deference that had it been otherwise he must indeed be difficult to please. There was no applause during the performance, but at the conclusion a most cordial recognition of the pleasure it had given came from an audience that filled the vast hall to its extremities. Further about this, as also about the secular evening concerts, I must reserve for your next number. Sir Julius Benedict's *Graziella*, and Mr. Gaul's *Holy City*, have both been given, and Herr Gade's *Psyche* is to follow.



I.

In a grave but not unkindly criticism of "The Salvation Army" in the *Contemporary* Cardinal Manning avows his fears for "the zealous but defiant movement" to be stronger than his hopes. The so-called "training of converts," the requirement that any one "who professes to have received remission of sins" should at once "stand up and tell the audience" he considers to be most perilous. They "who know least of themselves and of the sinfulness of sin would be among the first to believe in their own salvation." A graver evil still is the certain demoralisation which must follow from the reckless language in which the most sacred subjects are often treated. "Words without reverence destroy the veneration of the human mind, and when man ceases to venerate he ceases to worship." As a passionate effort to break up the "spiritual desolation" of a country where "millions are living without faith and in sin," the Cardinal cannot, however, refrain from sympathising with the purpose of the Army. If the work, indeed, answered to the conception as described by its chief it would rank high among the religious "movements external to the Catholic Unity."—Under the title of "The Austrian War against Publicity" Mr. Evans gives a very interesting account of his recent experiences as an imprisoned correspondent at Ragusa. The rising of the Bocchesi was hopeless from the first. The successful resistance of 1869 could not be repeated now that Austria had acquired a commanding position on the Herzegovinian side. But the mountaineers were none the less within their right, and Austria has only succeeded after all in driving the Crivoscians *en masse* into Montenegro, and establishing her sovereignty over barren rock and snow. It was Mr. Evans's crime that through his means some inkling of the real state of affairs reached England by way of Italy. Half-a-dozen other correspondents shared his fate; and it is now known that if he had been brought to trial and Mr. Stillman, *The Times* correspondent, another *persona ingrata* to the Austrians, had come to Ragusa from Athens to report the case, the local authorities would have arrested him as well. In "Constitutional" Austria it is really the military and the Court clique who rule, and their great object is by a rigid censorship of the Press to keep all the world in the dark as to what is really going on.—Karl Blind contributes the first chapter of an able, though somewhat partisan, study of "The Radical and Revolutionary Parties of Europe," in France, Spain, and Italy. M. Gambetta fell quite suddenly, according to the writer, because it was clearly seen that he was feeling his way to a Dictatorship.—"Is Judaism a Tribal Religion?" by Claude Montefiore, protests against the common habit of regarding Judaism as a stereotyped creed, to be estimated solely by antiquated extracts from the Talmud. Modern Judaism is moving fast towards "religious universalism;" though of the two parties among the Jews, the orthodox and the reformed, the latter only would go so far as to "denationalise" their religion altogether.—In his "Place of Carlisle in English History," Mr. Freeman ably groups, so to speak, the story of the city around that "central fact" in its romantic annals—its erection by the Red King into a great and lasting bulwark of the English Kingdom against its northern neighbour.

The *Cornhill* presents an *embarras de richesse*. "Philosophy of a Visiting Card," founds upon the text of such a name as Edgar B. Chadwick a most interesting lecture on the origin and history of English family and Christian names. Edgar, for instance, is a Saxon revival. Edward and Edmund were the only two Saxon names which held their ground in the first few centuries after the Norman Conquest. Hence the frequency of Edwards and Edmunds as family names and not of Alfreds or of Edgars. The "wick" in Chadwick denotes a village surname. The native of a great city would be called after his trade—he might be "Smith," or "Butcher," he would certainly not be "London."—"J. A. S." endeavours to re-people with visionary forms those deserted rooms of the old "Palace of Urbino," whose splendid *relievi* at the present day alone remind the stranger of their former grandeur; and "Moslem Pirates of the Mediterranean" calls up stirring memories of these fierce sea-kings—of Curtogali (Kurd-Ogly), who all but carried off the magnificent Leo X.; of Giudeo, whose heart "burst for joy" when he got back the son who had been captured in the defeat of La Goletta; and of the terrible Barbarossa, greatest of them all.—"The Literary Restoration, 1790-1830," is a tasteful study, the drift of which is to show that the distinctive characteristic of the period which extends from the death of Dr. Johnson to the death of Scott, was the restoration of the imaginative element to both literature and religion.

Temple Bar relieves its love stories with the first chapter of a memoir of Helena Modjeska in her early days as member of a wandering dramatic troupe in Austrian Poland; and another of "L. E.'s" welcome sketches of great composers—the subject on this occasion the famous Meyerbeer, that curious compound of vanity and humility, of miserliness and extravagance, who would spend thousands to float an opera, and would deny himself, for sheer parsimony, a second *bröden* at a luncheon-bar.

Fraser, this month, is more than usually readable. "The Cock," by an Old Templar, a genial sketch of the most famous of the old Fleet Street taverns—soon destined to pass into the "Ewigkeit"—will be read with interest by the very many who share, or in their youth have shared, Dr. Johnson's belief in the delight of a "walk down Fleet Street."—"A Venetian Medley," by J. A. Symonds, is a gossiping paper on the Lido and the Lagoons, the pictures of Tintoretto, and a "certain tavern on the Zattere," which none, we think, will like the worse for being of a more than usually practical turn.—Karl Blind concludes his very interesting "Personal Reminiscences of Garibaldi" with a keen regret that the General's last wishes were not complied with, and his body cremated on the pyre which he had prepared.

Harper for September is exceptionally rich in illustrated descriptive sketches of places interesting for their scenery or their associations. A "Summer at York"—not the York of the

Britisher, but the quaint old city on the York River in Massachusetts—is a pretty sketch on one of those decayed New England towns from which business has long since passed away, leaving the tranquil streets to elderly ladies and retired shipmasters.—In the "Weibertreue" Elise Allen tells the old legend of the Weinsburg and the true wives who bore their husbands on their backs from the beleaguered town whence they had been permitted to withdraw, taking with them all they could carry on their shoulders, and the newer story of Justinus Kerner, the modern Swabian spiritualist and poet.—Mrs. Lillie wanders "in Surrey" about Guildford and Fanny Burney's favourite Mickleham; and Mr. Lathrop pursues his "Spanish Vistas" along the "Mediterranean ports and gardens," till he leaves old Spain almost completely in the rear, and finds himself half in France at Barcelona.

The *Century*, on the other hand, is rich in memoirs. Austin Dobson contributes a charming paper (chiefly biographical) on "Thomas Bewick," whose "Birds," he thinks, show the high-water mark of his genius—it is strange to find Horace Walpole, a few years previously, predicting that the world would never "return to woodcuts;" Mr. Gosse an enthusiastic notice of "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," including two sonnets, of which one is now published for the first time, and a striking engraving after a pen-and-ink drawing by W. B. Scott, the artist-poet whom Rossetti, at the age of eighteen, amazed by forwarding, as a sample of his powers, the poem of "The Blessed Damozel;" and Mr. Howell's clever analysis of the peculiarly American humour of Mark Twain.—Among other papers, Mr. Brooks contributes an account of an "Old Town with a History"—Castine, on the Penobscot, better known in the revolutionary wars than now, though likely, it is said, to revive again in the new character of a holiday resort; and General McClellan an article on the "War in Egypt," in which he predicts much mischief from the indecision which did not provide a land force in advance to follow up the bombardment of Alexandria.

Under the title of "Tornadoes and their Causes," T. B. Maury sends to the *North American* an able paper on the terrible storms which cause such havoc in the Central West—the results apparently of "some chance stoppage" which by arresting one of the great air currents that are perpetually moving north and south along the highway of the Mississippi Valley suddenly causes it "to impinge against the other." To predict the course and coming of these tornadoes will often baffle the most skilled meteorologists; nor is there any reason to think that human agency by altering the climatic conditions of these regions will change the forces which set the storm in motion.

In the *Army and Navy*, Colonel Malleson well describes ("Decisive Battles of India: Biderra") the combined operations by sea and land in which Forde and Wilson, with Clive as director of the campaign, effectually brought to naught the one great effort of the Dutch to oust the English from Calcutta; and Mr. Bardolph points, in "Reorganisation of the Indian Army," to the necessity of establishing an efficient Reserve.

In *Time*, Mr. Mowbray Morris dexterously champions Mr. Boucicault's much-controverted statement that the "Art of Acting" would be essentially advanced by the establishment of a sound training school; and Lord Lamington gives, in "Les Grand Jours d'Auvergne," a good account of the great assize in which the *outrecuidance* of the grand seigneurs of that province was so effectually humbled by the judges of Louis Quatorze.

London Society, besides an amusing description ("Our Cookery Classes") of an experiment in a quiet cathedral town which resulted in better dinners, many marriages, and increased household bills, and two pleasant short stories, "How Quedglington was Sent Down," and "The Lay of Wanderers," has a good graver article on "Lord Malmesbury and Queen Caroline."

We have also to acknowledge *Good Words*, with an interesting account of the Scottish herring fishery, and a seasonable holiday paper, "In and Out the Dales;" *Cassell's Magazine*, with its usual medley of fiction, short papers, and family recipes; the *Antiquarian*, with some more particulars of "An Extraordinary Impostor of the Stuart Era," and a notice of "Sculptures found at Pergamon;" *Knowledge*, with some useful notes on English Seaside Health Resorts; and the *Sunday Magazine*, with a further instalment of George MacDonald's novel, and a criticism of Muncaczy's "Christ before Pilate."

YOUNG DUBLIN AT THE PLAY

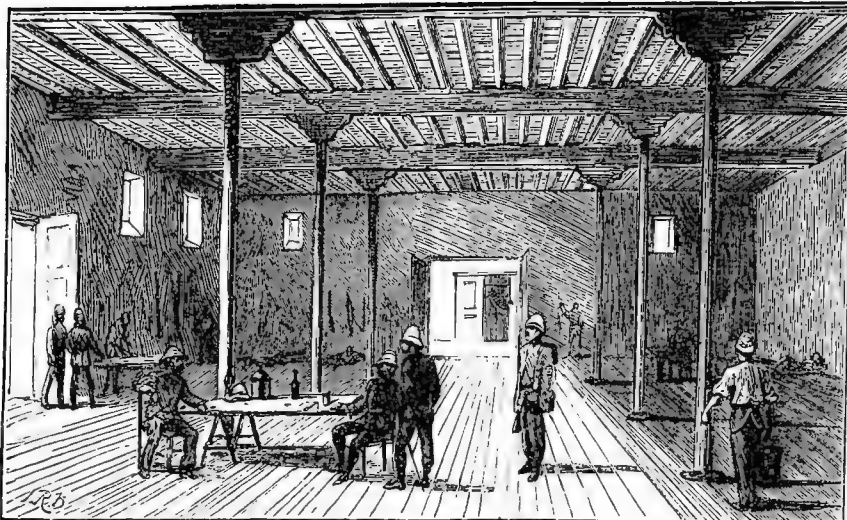
ST. JOSEPH'S LEAGUE is a very different affair from the Land League. It is simply a Catholic Teetotal Society, connected, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, with the church of St. Francis Xavier. It is under a Reverend President, is open to all classes and to both sexes, and takes as its motto Genesis xli. 55. The drama, we know, is a regular educational instrument with our Catholic brethren, and St. Joseph's League, besides giving literary and musical entertainments, has a little theatre to which I was drawn by a widely-posted announcement that "Messrs. O'Brien and McMahon's successful drama *Eviction* would be played for the benefit of a poor sick man." It is a very little theatre, the prices only 1s. and 6d. On the walls are edifying mottoes, such as "A nation's greatness depends on the sobriety of its people." The drop-scene is a faded bird's-eye view of Athens and the Piræus. I had only too much time to study all this, for, unfortunately for me, *Eviction*, placed first on the playbills, came last, and, being stubborn, I determined to see what I had come for. We began with a piano and fiddle duet. The middle-aged lady in a bonnet who presided at the former played with great spirit, and carried her audience along with her to the extent of bringing their toes on the floor to the time of her lively dance music. During this very long preliminary there was no other noise of any kind—no cat-calls, no throwing of orange-peel. Smoking is forbidden, and both Young and Old Dublin (for there was a fair sprinkling of very respectable oldish women, and of men who had brought their children with them) behaved with as perfect propriety as if the Reverend President himself had been looking on.

And here let me remark that, though, alas! Dublin can no more than any other city claim to be free from vice, vice in Dublin is less obtrusive than in big English towns. The photograph shops don't parade that cynical mixture of Church dignitaries, Prime Ministers, and very much under-clad actresses which in London and even in English provincial towns must astonish the travelling Japanese. 'Arry, again, is almost unrepresented in Dublin. There are the Dublin rough and other sad survivals (Sir Jonah Barrington's memoirs, which describe the ruffianism of polite Protestant Dublin, make us wonder they are so few; and Home Rule, in the opinion of those who believe in it, will speedily get rid of them). But the peculiarly offensive 'Arry type is well nigh wanting. There were none of them in my little theatre; and therefore my waiting was less weary than it would have been in a similar English place.

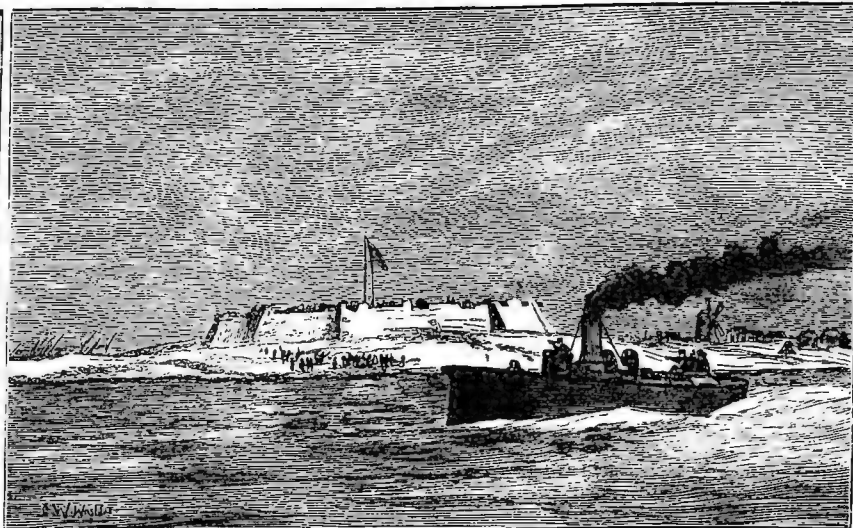
Our first piece was *The Limerick Boy*, full of roaring fun and practical jokes, with scuffles and boxing-matches, and all that a set of schoolboys would delight in acting at their breaking-up. It was schoolboy acting, too, relieved by the cleverness of the "boy," an Irish servant of the traditional type, with the usual dexterity in getting into and out of scrapes, and the usual odd mixture of cunning and shrewdness, and simplicity.

Then came songs by evident favourites. Now, let me say it at once, there was not a suspicion of double meaning about them. If the girls who were sitting there with their young men were daughters of the oldish ladies in drawn-silk bonnets, there was not a

(Continued on page 238)



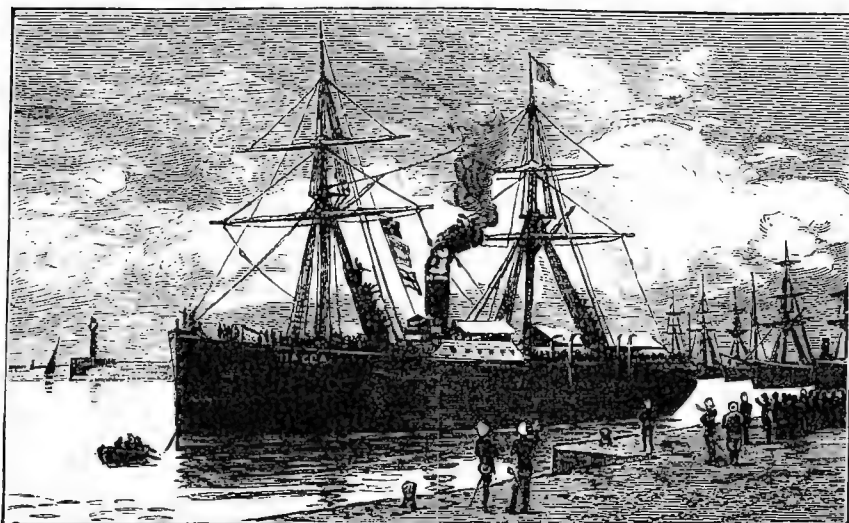
A GUARD ROOM AT ALEXANDRIA
From a Sketch by an Officer of the Royal Marines



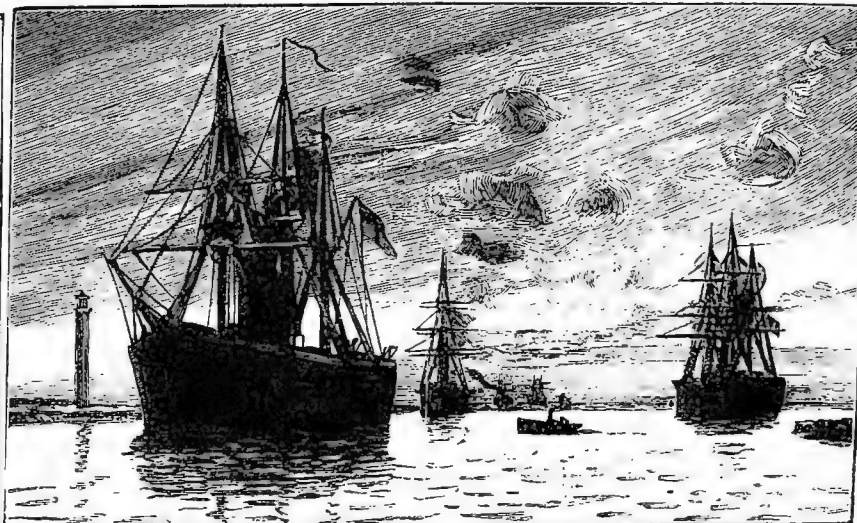
THE TORPEDO BOAT OF H.M.S. "IRIS" RECONNOITRING FORT GHEMIL
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer

"Iris"

Egyptian Corvette "Sakaa"

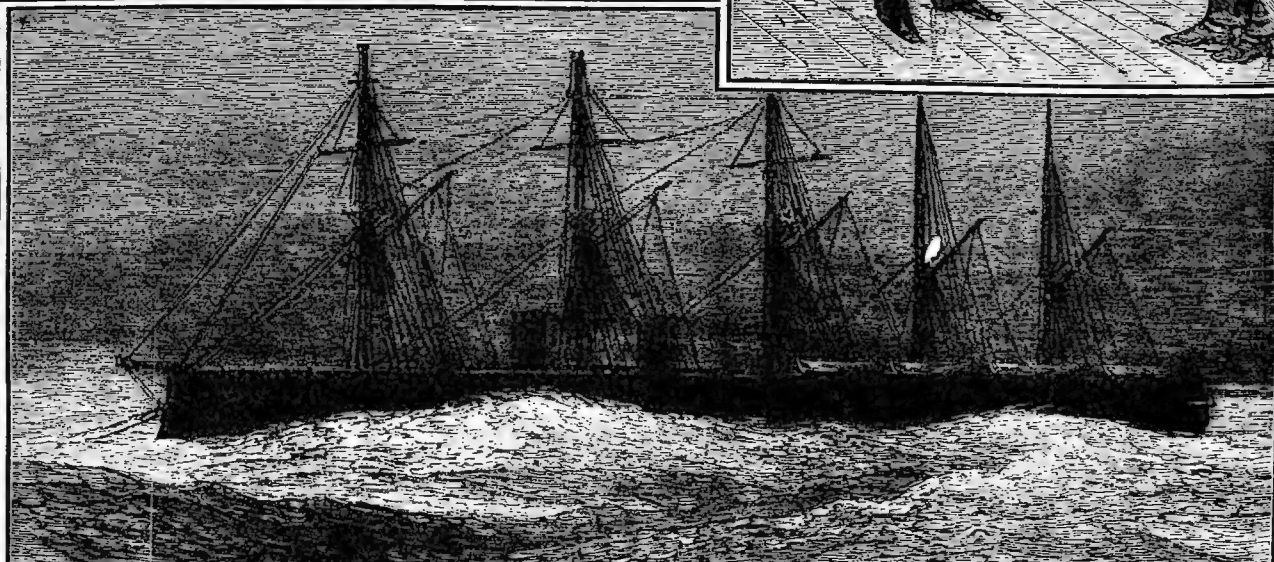
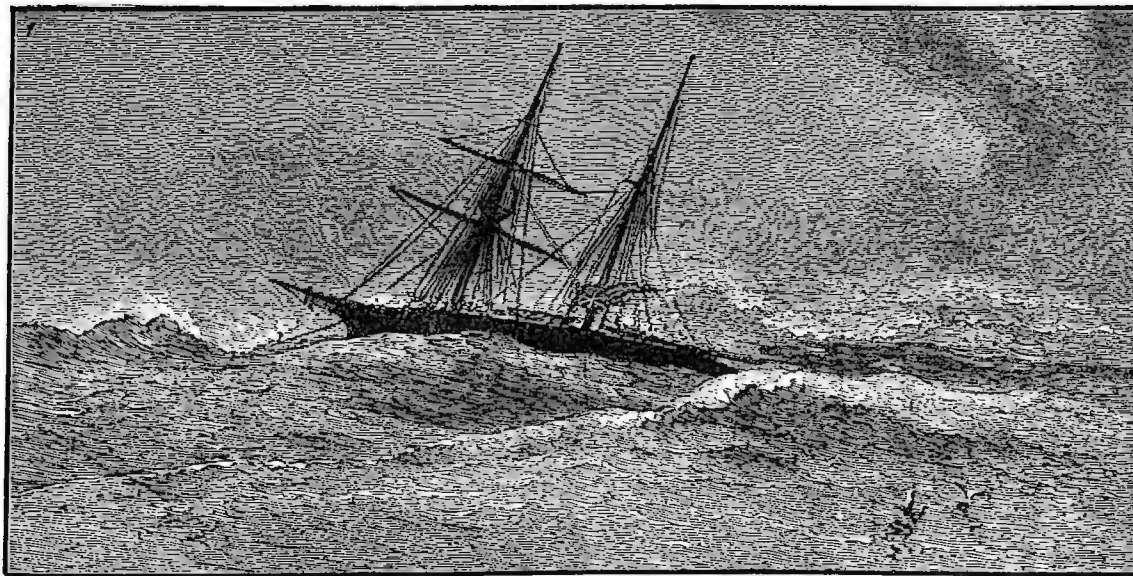


ARRIVAL OF THE "DACCA" AT ALEXANDRIA WITH THE SECOND BATTALION OF
THE ROYAL MARINES
From a Sketch by an Officer of the Royal Marines

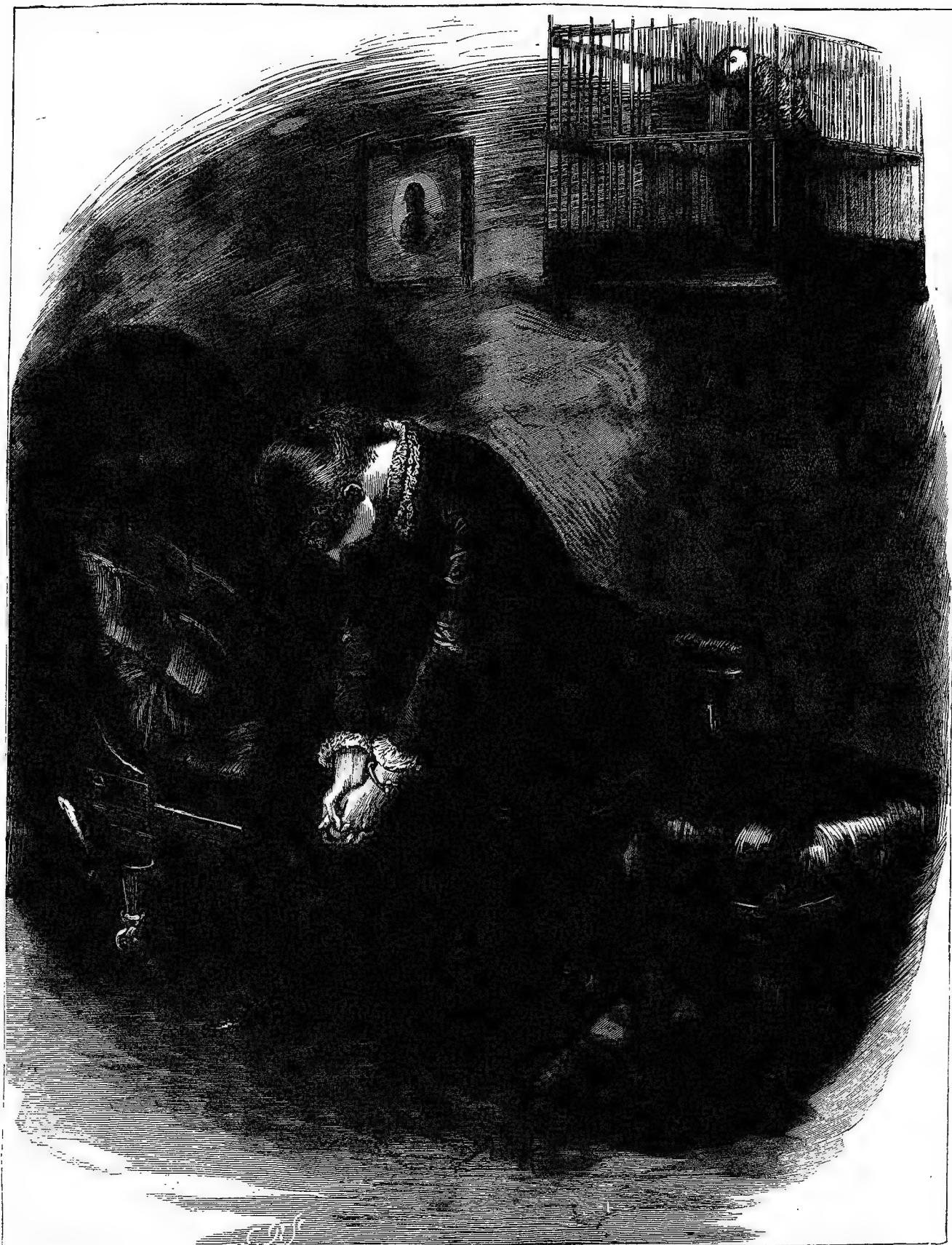


H.M.S. "IRIS" AT PORT SAID WITH HER GUNS BEARING ON THE EGYPTIAN
CORVETTE "SAKAA"
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer

THE WAR IN EGYPT



1, 3. Hoisting Reversed Ensign : Signal of Distress.—2. On the Quarter-Deck.—4. The End of the Storm.
NOTES DURING ROUGH WEATHER AT PORTLAND



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

With head bowed down, and hands tightly clenched before her, she was contemplating her own ruined life.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONFESSION

"RESOLUTION," say the philosophers, and justly, "conquers all things," but then one must be very careful in the definition of that virtue. It is dangerously akin to obstinacy, a weapon which conquers nothing, and brings him who wields it to great grief. I have noticed that when an exceptionally brutal person is put on his trial for manslaughter he is always described by the reporters as "a determined ruffian."

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
When it doth prosper none dare call it treason;

and, similarly, when Obstinacy carries its point, one never hears of it by that name. Mr. Garston, senior, of Mogadion, attorney-at-law, had hitherto had the credit of possessing great resolution; and even to this moment in the affair of Abel Deeds he was determined enough. He had nailed his colours to the mast in the most obtrusive manner, when it rather behoved him, if he had not the wisdom to strike them, to wear them under his clothes like a flannel shirt. He was as sure he was right as ever—that is, as steadfast in the conviction that the folks at the Knoll had substituted another note for the stolen one in Lucy's purse; but he had begun to have secret misgivings as to his being able to prove it. Juries were such fools that it was likely as not that they would believe a widow of means, and an attractive young lady, her daughter, on their oaths in spite of

the strongest circumstances of suspicion; and especially when sentiment, as in this case, was imported into the matter. There would be sympathy with the widow's desire to shield Abel, who had heretofore borne an unblemished character, and whose family, in their humble walk of life, had always been respected. Mr. Garston despised sentiment; and had no great confidence in hereditary respectability; but unhappily the case was not to be tried in the Central Criminal Court, where things are estimated at their true value, but "not a hundred miles," nor fifty, from Mogadion itself. He was almost certain that he should lose his cause through local prejudice; but he had no intention of withdrawing from the case on that account. Thanks to that jewel of the English law, the privilege of cross-examination, he would at all events, he said to himself, make it a very unpleasant day for the Medways. This, I repeat, was what Mr. Garston said to himself, but in his secret heart he would have been glad enough to withdraw from the prosecution, if no action for libel had been instituted against him. As it was, he was like a bear tied to the stake, and—as regarded his present temper—a bear with a very sore head.

When his daughter joined him on the lawn a few minutes after she had parted from Frank Meade, he only gave her a surly nod, though it was the first time he had seen her that day, for Kit and she had started very early on their expedition. "Well, so you've come home at last?" he said.

"I had a narrow escape, papa," she answered, gravely, "of not

coming home at all." Then she told him what had happened, and how nearly Maud, and perhaps Frank himself, had met with a terrible end.

"Naught never comes to harm," was the attorney's unsympathetic reply; and then, dismissing the subject as a wholly uninteresting one, he inquired sharply, "Where is Christopher?"

"We left him at Polwith with Mark; they preferred to walk back together."

"A good excuse for not coming home to work, no doubt," replied the attorney; "I don't believe he knows the way to the office."

"I thought it was agreed, papa," answered Trenna gently, "that while Kit was at the University, during the holidays"—

"Holidays!" broke in the attorney angrily, "he has nothing else but holidays. An idle vagabond, a spendthrift, and a ne'er-do-well. I am sometimes tempted to wonder whether he is a son of mine."

"We are all tempted to do wrong things at times, papa."

"What do you mean? Have you taken to preaching? That is what comes of being with those Medways; they are hypocrites and liars."

"You cannot surely think Mark a hypocrite, papa."

"I don't know about Mark. He may not have any occasion to be; and, besides, he is too great a fool. I was speaking of his womankind; you hear no good from them, I'll warrant; only abuse of your father."

"They have never uttered one word in your disparagement, papa, have never even alluded to the unpleasantness about Abel."

"Cunning, cunning," returned the attorney, bitterly. "And the Meades have been equally silent, no doubt? Not a word from Mr. Frank about his father's insolent conduct towards me, eh?"

It was easy to read in his frowning, but eager face, that Mr. Garston would have been well pleased to hear something from that quarter.

"Frank and I did speak of the action for libel as we came along," she answered.

"Oh, you did, did you? I hope he spoke to *you* about it, and not you to him."

"I don't know about that, papa, but it seems his father is very resolute. I don't think it will ever be withdrawn unless Abel's character is cleared in some way."

"They want an apology, do they? Curse their impudence. They will ask for compensation next."

"Frank hinted that that would be necessary, papa."

"Did he? Perhaps he expressed a wish for my house and grounds? He is just as likely to get them. Compensation for the wounded feelings of a stable help! An apology to my own manservant who has robbed me!"

"He has not robbed you, papa."

"Then who *has* done it? The maids? You? Kit? Or have I not been robbed at all? Is it a delusion on my part? Did I imagine that I had forty five-pound notes in my desk when in fact they were only forty sheets of note paper? What infernal nonsense you talk, girl! Who can it be if it isn't Abel?"

Though he spoke in a sufficiently contemptuous tone, it was noticeable that there was apprehension in it. It almost seemed that in running over the impossible alternatives as respected the robbery, he had come upon some possible one that had given him pause, if not turned his suspicions into a wholly different channel.

"I don't say who it is, papa; I only say what everybody else is saying in Mogadion, that your fixed idea—like most fixed ideas—is a mistaken one; that whoever took those notes, it is not Abel Deeds. You cannot, therefore, expect Abel, or rather those who are his friends, to come to you cap in hand. You are not the Queen that a free pardon must be asked of you for an innocent man."

"He is not innocent, he is a thief."

"That is your view. But I am taking the view of those who think otherwise."

"That's what you always do; there is nothing new in that," answered the attorney, harshly.

"Oh! papa, papa," she pleaded, vehemently, "do not be hard with me. I have done my best for you and for all of us. I beseech you, I implore you to give way in this matter while there is yet time."

He gazed at her in amazement at this sudden outburst, and again that same look of apprehension crossed his dusky features which they had worn before.

"Time! Pooh, there is time enough. As to giving way, that is not to be thought of; but you may tell those friends of yours this much: Let them drop their action and then I on my part will drop mine; that is to say, I will drop the prosecution; but mind—it is they who must make the first advance. I am not going to acknowledge myself in the wrong."

It was a great step gained, as Trenna felt, that her father should even hint at peace. But it was a step that could lead to nothing if he persisted in that last proviso. That he would be firm on that—that is, to hold out no hand of compromise unless invited to do so—she was convinced, unless indeed she could stimulate those vague alarms which she was well aware she had excited. And, bold as she was, she shrank from stimulating them. He waited for a moment as if for her reply to his alternative, but when she did not speak he turned upon his heel, and walked moodily into the house.

Notwithstanding her long walk, Trenna was in no mood for rest, but began to pace the lengthening shadows of the lawn, waiting for her brother's arrival. There was scarce a breath of air, not even sufficient to bring to her ear the murmur of the sea. The silence of evening was falling; the only sound she heard was the monotonous cry of the cockatoo from her little parlour on the ground floor. "Kit—Kit, Kit is a pretty fellow."

Presently the gate swung on its hinge, and there was a crunch of quick footsteps on the gravel. But they were not Kit's footsteps. They were heavier, firmer, and, to her anxious ear, seemed to betoken a messenger of weighty tidings.

"Frank! What is it? Has your father consented?" she inquired eagerly, but in a hushed voice, as soon as she recognised the visitor.

"Yes—no. That is to say, the whole affair has taken a different turn. Can I have a few words with your father?"

"Hush. No. At least papa is engaged." She pointed to his room, which was lighted up, and through the windows of which the attorney could be seen at work among his parchments.

"Please to speak to me first, if you don't mind."

With her finger on her lips, which had suddenly grown very pale, she led the way up the stone steps into her own little sitting-room on the opposite side of the passage to the room used by the attorney, and lit one of the two gas-jets, which were all the chandelier could boast of. As a boudoir, the room was bare enough; nor were there even such evidences of a girl's tenancy as Trenna might easily have given it. It seemed as though, not having the power to furnish it as she would have done, she had made no effort in that direction at all. The walls were hung with portraits—for the most part ill-executed silhouettes. One of them, as Frank's quick eye noticed, had under it the words "Gonzalez Gisarto," and was, as he rightly guessed, a likeness of Trenna's grandfather, whose name had been anglicised to Garston. From the ceiling was suspended the huge cage of the cockatoo, which, swinging head downwards from its perch, regarded the intruder with a curiosity which for the moment stilled its piercing cries. On the table were a few books and a zither, an instrument in which the attorney took great pleasure, and the only one on which his daughter played. Perhaps its Spanish origin endeared it to him, but if its subtle harmonies called up any association with fatherland, Mr. Garston possessed more imagination than he was credited with; the general view was that he had made a present of the instrument to his daughter on her coming of age, as being the cheapest substitute for a piano procurable.

Trenna motioned her visitor to a chair at the table, and seated herself on a little sofa which stood in shadow.

"I little expected to see you so soon again," she said in cold and measured tones, very different from those in which she had addressed him an hour ago. "I have spoken to my father in the mean time, and he is certainly more disposed for peace. But that he will never make the first advance I am only too well convinced."

"Just so," he answered gravely. "But circumstances, as I am here to tell you, Trenna, have changed. Something has come to our knowledge which renders it impossible for any one to continue to believe in Abel's guilt; that it will convince even Mr. Garston, I am certain; and to say truth, Trenna"—here he hesitated—"it is more adapted for his ear than yours."

"Nevertheless, let me hear it, whatever it is," she answered; "I must hear it."

"One of the stolen notes, then, has been stopped at Plymouth. It is not the one supposed to have been in Lucy's purse, but corresponds with another number on the list. This has been traced—"

"Good Heavens! To whom?"

"To the possession of a young woman. She is not in custody at

present, but it is known who she is. Her character—there is no need, however, to go into that; it is sufficient to say that it is impossible, absolutely out of the question, that she could have received that note from Abel Deeds."

"Does she come from Mogadion?"

"Yes. I grieve to say she does—I beg your pardon, I did not catch what you said."

Trenna had only spoken to herself, and beneath her breath, two words, "What madness!"

"I did not speak," she murmured; "I was only thinking."

If they were but thoughts they were terrible ones, to judge from her pale, drawn face, and the way in which her long white hands clutched one another; but of this her companion saw nothing.

"By this discovery," continued the young man gravely, "the ground is, as it were, cut away from your father's feet, as I shall be able to show him. He will have no alternative but to drop the prosecution and take measures for compensating the man he has wronged by his suspicions; in which case, of course, the action for libel will not proceed."

Trenna shook her head; she would have spoken if she could, but her tongue refused its office.

"You are saying to yourself," pursued the other cheerfully, "that you know your father better than I do; that he is not to be easily persuaded to own himself in the wrong. You forget, however, that he is also a lawyer, and a man of the world. You may take my word for it that I shall convince him."

"It isn't that—it isn't that," she murmured plaintively. "Oh, if I could but trust you, Frank! or rather, if you would but have trust in me."

"Trust you; of course I trust you, Trenna," he replied in amazement.

"Then take my word for this, Frank, that what you propose to tell my father will do harm instead of good. Harm! Nay, it will ruin us."

"Ruin you? How can our showing that it was impossible for Abel Deeds to have stolen those notes affect you or yours, Trenna?"

"It will—it must," she answered eagerly; "you say you trust me, then believe my word. If you really have any regard for me, grant me the favour I asked of you an hour ago. Say nothing of what has come to your knowledge about the note; but withdraw your action against my father."

"But, my dear Trenna, it is impossible,—more impossible now than ever. Abel's innocence is established. Your father must needs look in other quarters for the guilty party."

"That is just it," she answered hoarsely. "In that case he will find what he seeks."

"And why, in Heaven's name, should he not?"

"Because—because," she stammered, with her hand stretched out before her, as though to mark the gulf between them, "his daughter was the thief! Frank Meade, it was *I* who stole those notes!"

CHAPTER XX.

"HUMILIATION"

FOR the moment Frank was dumb. The little room whirled round with him: like the parrot, only by no means with its adaptability for inversion, he seemed to be standing on his head. Those terrible words, "Frank Meade, it was *I* who stole those notes," rang in his ears again and again, with the importunity of a church bell. Trenna, crouching in the shadowed corner, was hardly visible to him, yet her very attitude suggested remorse, misery, and humiliation. It was that, indeed, which corroborated her words more than anything else, though he found himself calling to mind a sentence she had spoken to him on her way home that evening in the course of her appeal to him to drop the prosecution. "I ask it not for my father's sake, but for my own." But what were even both these things compared with his experience and knowledge of the girl, which seemed to assert, trumpet-tongued, that her nature could never have stooped to such a crime? As though she had read what was passing in his mind, she once more addressed him: "I asked you awhile ago whether you would trust me, a question never to be put again. But at least, for once, believe me."

"That you stole those notes? That Trenna Garston is a thief? Never."

"I cannot help your disbelief," she answered, "and far less can I blame you for it. Of the two alternatives, 'thief' or 'liar,' you naturally choose the least obnoxious. Still, whatever you think of me, nay, whatever I think of myself, I am still human. Certain feelings still cling to me; you will understand that discussion upon this point is painful to me."

"Scarcely less painful to you than to me, Trenna," he answered, gently. "Since my incredulity distresses you I will express it no further; if I believed you I could hardly keep silence; it would be difficult to give up all faith in human nature without a protest."

"Be so good as to remember that all this time you are torturing me, Mr. Meade. When a criminal has confessed and has been found guilty, even the judge spares him: he forbears to add to the poignancy of his suffering by any observations."

"Heaven forbid that I should be your judge, Trenna."

"But you *are* my judge. Judge, jury, and executioner all in one. That is, you will be so if you tell my father what you propose to tell him."

"What would you have me do? What would you have me tell him?"

"Say that you have come here as a neighbour and a friend to offer to put a stop to all proceedings at the Assizes, if he undertakes to do the like."

"But he will never apologise to Abel."

"Then you must invent an apology. Otherwise I must take the consequences. You would hardly like to see me in the felon's dock, even though I deserve it."

"Oh, Trenna!"

"Then there is the compensation. My father will never give one shilling. I must ask you of your mercy to settle that for me till I have the money to repay you. After all, you see," she added with a haggard smile, "I have to say trust me."

"Of course, of course," he answered with a sweep of his hand; "the money matters nothing. To me, indeed," he murmured wearily, "nothing now seems to matter."

"Then how must things seem to *me*?"

Her question was unanswerable, but it was uttered in a tone of such despair that it wrung his heart.

"For me," she went on more calmly, "there is nevertheless the reflection that things might be even worse. It is from that extremity of wretchedness that I beseech you to keep me. Protect me from the consequences of my crime. Be silent about it to others."

"I will; I will. Be sure of that," he answered, earnestly. "It is not a thing to speak about—"

"Nor, you would add, to think about," she put in, perceiving him to hesitate. "That above all is to be avoided. I must ask you to address me as usual before others; that is necessary for my secret, but be assured that will not compromise you in my eyes; I shall understand the loathing and abhorrence with which you regard me just as if you expressed it."

"It was only an hour ago, or so, that I said nothing would alter my respect and affection for you, Trenna," he answered tenderly. "The mind moves quickly, but not the heart—it was from heart I spoke. Supposing what you have told me to be true—and the

true as it stands on your bare statement, without excuse—I should at worst but pity you. As it is, and still supposing it, since you desire it, I perceive (though you say nothing about them) palliation, extenuation, nay, I had almost said justification. I will never believe that for yourself alone—for your own sake—"

"Frank Meade, if you have one tenth part of that pity you say you feel for me, I beseech you to forbear." She had risen, and stood supporting herself by one hand against the angle of the wall, while with the other she made an impassioned gesture for silence. "For the sake of old times—times buried under foot for ever—and for the sake of those pure souls we love, and among whom perhaps you once reckoned Trenna Garston, I pray you be silent. I have much to bear, and must keep heart-whole. You have promised me your help, and there is no time to spare, if you would save me. Go to my father."

"One moment, Trenna. Is this sad secret your own and mine, or is it shared by any one else?"

"Kit, Kit, Kit is a pretty fellow," shrieked the parrot.

Trenna was silent, and Frank, moved perhaps by the suggestion of the bird, repeated his question in another form.

"Does Kit, for instance, know of this?"

"No one knows what I have told you to-night," she answered, steadily; "no one dreams of it; no one guesses it."

"I am glad to hear it, Trenna; and glad you told me. If I had thought your brother knew I should have felt hardly towards him, and done him an injustice. I ought to have been sure he did not know. No one with such a secret on his soul, unless he were without a heart, could be so blithe and gay as he."

Her pale face grew a shade paler, and there was that twitching of her nostrils which betokens, in nervous natures, impatience and annoyance, but these signs he could not see; he only saw her hand stretched out before her. He took it as a sign of parting, and held out his own to meet it, but she drew hers sharply back.

"No, no," she murmured, "before others that hypocrisy may still be necessary, but not when we are alone."

Then he understood that she had been only pointing in the direction of her father's room; and, with a deep sigh, he took up his hat and left her. As he closed the door behind him, he heard a wailing cry, "Kit, Kit," and stopped a moment. Then again came the shriek of the parrot, "Kit is a pretty fellow." But it was not the bird he felt convinced that had cried "Kit, Kit."

If it was Trenna the words had a sad significance. In her agony of shame and sorrow the poor girl was making a wild appeal for help whence, by her own showing, no help could come; since Kit did not know, and would never be told, of her trouble. The picture Frank made of her in his own mind, alone, and weighed down by remorse and despair, almost drew the tears into his eyes.

If he could have seen her, he would have wept indeed. On all the "painful earth" there did not, at that moment, breathe a more miserable woman; for in the act of bidding him that shameful farewell she had felt for the first moment that she loved him. With head bowed down, and hands tightly clenched before her, she was contemplating her own ruined life. If circumstances should be henceforth favourable, if the public shame was spared her, she might again mix with her fellow-creatures as before; nay—though under false pretences—she might still retain their affection and respect; but to him whose regard she valued most of all she was become a moral leper. Comfort was out of the question for her; even the torpor of despair was denied her, since she was still a prey to anxiety. Even now, as she had said, matters might still be worse; it was quite possible, notwithstanding the humiliation and self-abasement she had undergone, that it might all be in vain, if Frank should fail to effect a settlement with her father. The voices in the next room would now and then attract her attention, but for the most part she neither heard nor saw (save with her inward eyes), nor moved, but crouched up in her corner, waited for the moment in which she should know her fate. And all this weary time the bird above her head, scrambling from wire to wire, and swinging from its perch in air, or swaying upon it with flit and flutter, screeched out its spluttering cry, "Kit is a pretty fellow—Kit is a very pretty fellow."

Presently her father's door opened, and the voices grew more distinct.

"Well, I am glad Dr. Meade has come to his right senses," she heard him say, in harsh metallic tones, but which to her ear at least, who knew him so well, had satisfaction in them. "I am very sorry the thing has occurred, you may say that, but as for compensation—well, well, you have waived that matter, so we will say no more."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Frank. Take care of the steps, it is plaguy dark, but to judge by the sunset we shall have a fine day tomorrow."

The night was so still that every footfall of the young man, loud on the gravel and soft on the lawn, was audible; when the garden gate was closed upon him, Trenna could even hear her father rubbing his hands, an action he always indulged in when in good humour. Then there was a deep sigh, followed by a chuckle of satisfaction—the attorney's substitute for devotional gratitude—a hesitating step in the passage, which chilled Trenna to the marrow, and then, to her intense relief, once more the closing of his own door.

(To be continued)



HAD Gilbert White lived beside "Benderloch" (Paisley: Gardner) he would have given us something very like Mr. Anderson Smith's "Notes from the Western Highlands." They quite deserved reprinting, and the fact that they should have been popular in the *Glasgow Evening Times* proves that there is a real love of nature among many of those whom Mr. Smith speaks of as "weary from the desk, the workshop, and the counter." Some of the facts are startling. We never heard of a Sassenach cow opening a gate by getting her horn under the catch, or, if failed there, by lifting it off its hinges; and the butterfly that seized the end of a spider-web in which its mate was imprisoned, and carefully unwound it so as not to entangle its own wings, ought to have been straightway introduced to Professor Romanes. But Scotch butterflies are, perhaps, more canny than those farther south. One is struck with the amount and variety of animal life among these loughs and islands; and it increases, for on the testimony of the Duke of Argyll (whom, with a familiarity that would have shocked the Rector of Selborne, Mr. Smith docks of his title), starlings are a new importation. Our author does not ignore the human animal, and in describing a farm sale he speaks of the good Scots custom of running up the prices for the sake of the outgoing tenant.

"Altavona" (Edinburgh: D. Douglas) is Dr. Blackie's contribution to the landlord and tenant question. The Doctor is well-known for his strong Highland sympathies. After middle life he learnt Gaelic, a greater feat than Bishop Thirlwall's learning Welsh when he was sent down to St. David's. He is *Scotus ipsis Scoticior*; and complains bitterly of the depopulation, first for the sake of sheep, and then of deer, which most political economists look on with

complacency. He forgets that, if the old Gael lived in comparative comfort, it was partly because when hungry he used to make a raid on the Southron. Still, whatever good may have come of it eventually, the story of the Sutherland evictions is very ugly, and Dr. Blackie gives it in all its grim ugliness. All his book, however, is not in such a tremendously serious vein. Most of it is full of fun, pitched to the tune of the *Noctes*, only in not so loud a key. An Oxford man, a German professor (great on Von Stein and his land settlement, and therefore sympathising with the crofter), the Macleod and his sister are the *dramatis personæ*, and there is much talk about Highland ways, about the Free Church and its unruly apostles, and about the feuds of the Macleods, mixed with thoroughly appreciative descriptions of little-known scenery. It is just the book for a tourist to the Highlands to begin in the train, and to have with him through his whole journey; for from very few books will he learn so much about the real temper, and feelings, and aspirations of the people among whom he sojourns. As usual, Prof. Blackie puts in a good many translations from Gaelic, and gives some specimens of Highland music, for which he is as great an enthusiast as he is for Highland speech. We heartily recommend "Altavona," and we think the Professor makes out a very fair case against Highland clearings. We want men; and those who want deer may as well rent a moose forest in Canada. The charm of the book is the author's power of throwing himself into a life to which he was not born.

Along with "Altavona" may conveniently be read Mr. A. R. Wallace's "Land Nationalisation; its Necessities and Aims" (Trübner). Mr. Wallace not only goes in for development and for spiritualism, but for something very like what Michael Davitt proposes for Ireland; and the Land Nationalisation Society is so determined to bring the matter before a large public that this little book is to be had for distribution at a fraction more than a quarter of the publishing price. Whatever we may think of Mr. Wallace's conclusions, his book is a valuable summary of the evidence on the land question. He discusses the results of our system as compared with that of other civilised countries, and his conclusion is, not that ours suits us best, but that it is in a great degree chargeable with the "poverty in the midst of wealth," which is the greatest of our social anomalies. In England, landlordism is seen at its best; yet in England the social degradation of the labourer is lamentable, and is traced by Mr. Wallace to the system, not to the bad conduct of individual landlords. Free-trade would be no remedy. The State must be the real owner or ground landlord, the improvements belonging to him who has made them, and forming the *tenant-right*. Existing land-owners are to be compensated by means of terminable annuities, sub-letting is to be absolutely prohibited, but the *tenant-right* may be sub-divided, sold, or bequeathed in portions, this *tenant-right* being in all disputed cases determined by a Land Court. "Capitalise the *tenant-right*," and pay the value to the landlord, and then hold under the State at a *quit-rent*," something, we presume, like Mr. Parnell's prairie rent—that is Mr. Wallace's plan; and to compare it with Mr. Davitt's, and to speculate on their relative practicability, will be a tough "holiday task," not only for tourists in the Highlands and Ireland, but for M.P.'s when the Session is over. Mr. Wallace feels sure that this "occupying ownership," as he calls it, would enhance the selling value of land to such an extent that the present landlords would suffer no loss—a very important item in considering the practicability of his scheme.

Mr. Trollope's easy jaunty style is just suited for a life of "Lord Palmerston" (Isbister). He writes about great people as if he looked down on them like some Olympian god might look on the heroes who were his kin, and at the same time his inferiors. In dealing with *Punch's* "Pam" he is placed in the same dilemma as the British nation itself. We all venerate the memory of the Prince Consort; and the father of Jingoism, with his *Civis Romanus*, was popular in a sense in which few English Ministers have been. Yet the Prince wrote and spoke of Lord Palmerston almost as harshly, though not so slightly, as Madame de Lieven herself. One charge Mr. Trollope successfully rebuts—that insinuated by Mr. Morley that Palmerston's politics never got beyond *Civis Romanus*, especially when dealing with a very weak Power. No doubt the Don Pacifico affair and the China wars were unfortunate, but Mr. Morley forgets that the same statesmen who in those instances bullied the weak had already for a quarter of a century been checkmating Russia when, during the Crimean struggle, he was called to give vigour to our war administration. Mr. Trollope makes a great point of his conduct in the matter of the Spanish marriages, which call forth from him some very hard words about Guizot. With such a volume, so full of living interest, the "English Political Leaders" series makes a good beginning.

What with Danish tyrants, volcanic eruptions, terrible epidemics, and a climate that gets worse and worse, Iceland has but a sorry consolation in her increasing popularity among tourists. She has her revenge in the multitude of books which she is the occasion of inflicting on the patient British public. From the ruck of these Miss Oswald's "By Fell and Fiord" (Blackwood) certainly deserves to be distinguished. She writes with insight, and is in real sympathy with the people amongst whom she moves. We cannot fancy her making the mistake of another lady tourist, and setting the poor but proud student who was acting as guide, as gentlemen students so often do in Iceland, to feed with the pony-boy. She gives us plenty of real information—the women never sing in church, harmoniums are getting common, some parsons, as in Cornwall a generation ago, have the credit of being wizards, and Ritualism is looking up now that money is coming into the country—nay, irreverent tourists who think Iceland churches were made for British travellers to sleep in will now and then find no admittance. Miss Oswald's scenery notes are fresh, clear, and not too numerous. She tells a good many *sagas*—one can do that without going out of one's way. Above all, she does wonders for a lady in the way of river-fording, and she actually meditated an ascent of Hecla. We are glad that she recommends courtesy—no needless hint to one who is spoiled by the survival in our island of certain ugly remnants of what is called feudalism.

Another lady, Mrs. Howard Vyse, tells us how she and her sick husband spent the "Winter in Tangiers" (Hatchards), and found the climate wonderfully equable, and Bruzard's hotel very pleasant, as indeed it ought to be when the cost for husband, wife, and maid is 2*l.* a day. She is sorry there is no English chaplain; though her pictures of slavery as it is make us think a study of Mahomedan life would be better than most sermons. Her description of her dragoman Hadji's mother, wife, and negro slave (who had been bought by his father for 8*l.*, and had since become free by marrying his uncle) going with myrtle boughs to dress his little boy's grave, may well make us ponder whether we advocates of progress have anything better to offer to those to whom we are so ready to give a dose of bomb-shells at 400*l.* a shot. Perhaps Mrs. Vyse puts too much rose-colour into her pictures, for she has a good word even for that *bête noire* the camel. This ill-tempered beast is really overflowing with sentiment. A mare camel will literally die of love when a stranger male drives off her chosen mate. We like Mrs. Vyse's work. She came back through Spain, and, of course, revelled in the picture galleries.

To "Tunis, Past and Present" (Blackwood), Mr. Broadley, mindful, as becomes a *Times* correspondent, of *Punica fides*, adds as second title "The Last Punic War." He attributes both the Egyptian crisis and all the troubles present and to come in Europe, Asia, and Africa to the stirring up Panislamism by the

practical conquest of the State which contains holy Kairwān. The non-political part of his two volumes is very interesting. For his opening chapters on the history of Tunis most of us will feel grateful, especially for the excellent photographs of Jan Cornelis Vermeeyen's pictures of the landing of Charles V. France has been eyeing Tunis since 1830. Mazzini distinctly said it ought to belong to Italy; and, when the Bey began borrowing at 12 per cent., its belonging to some Power or other was only a question of time. History repeats itself; Si Ali Bey was used against the Kroumirs just as the Khédive has been against Arabi. Mr. Broadley does full justice to French looting; it is unrivalled, but its weak point is the wanton destruction of non-saleable property. The burning of shop books, bills, &c., must have been a serious matter to the poor shopkeepers. Of the architecture of Kairwān Vol. 2 contains some good sketches; but the best thing in the book is the way in which a Tunis school boy scored off General Cunyngame, who had asked, in our usual "haw haw" style, what provinces Turkey had lost in the war. The boy replied: "May I ask the name of the province in which England has so often been defeated by Zulus?"

"Shaftesbury and Hutcheson" (Sampson Low and Co.), the one with his Moral Sense, the other with his enthusiasm for Natural Religion and innate ideas of goodness, form, in the hands of the Oxford Logic Professor, a very pleasing and useful number of the "English Philosophers" series. The philosophic discussions which arise out of his subject Professor Fowler so treats as to show how these two, albeit only second-rate philosophers, influenced the course of thought quite up to our own times. But more interesting than these discussions are the political affairs in which, as one of the great Whig lords, he was mixed up. Mr. Fowler brings out well the amiable side of Shaftesbury's character. In his own way he was quite as much of a philanthropist as his descendant of to-day. Toland, "that swaggering Irishman," who repaid the pension given him by the Earl by surreptitiously publishing the rough draft of his "Inquiry after Virtue," says, "no modern ever turned the ancients more into sap and blood than he." Like Cicero he had his happier-fated Tiro in Michael Ainsworth; but his kindness to men of letters was not confined to his acquaintances, and his directions to his housekeeper show that he was equally thoughtful for the poor. Of Hutcheson, born near Armagh, the most notable fact is his immense popularity in Germany till he was superseded by Kant.



MR. JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, in "A Merchant Prince; Being the Fortunes of Bertram Oakley" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), has added one more to the long catalogue of stories which trace the progress of industry and virtue to wealth, happiness, and honour. The present story, however, is less generally encouraging than such narratives usually are, because Bertram Oakley is distinguished, not only by the humdrum virtues which everybody may cultivate at will, but by inventive genius, fascinating manners, and great personal beauty. Such a man was obviously made to carry the world by storm, and he does so accordingly. There is always, however, a charm about the history of men who have raised themselves from the bottom to the top of the ladder, especially when, as in the case of Mr. Harwood's hero, fortunate virtue is opposed by thoroughgoing villainy. Poetical justice is very completely vindicated, the leading villain—a Sybarite something of the Wainwright type—being driven to poison himself in the dock to escape being sentenced for exceedingly wholesale felony. All the characters are no less broadly drawn. None of the virtuous have a single vice, none of the vicious a single virtue. We fear that struggling genius will not find Mr. Harwood an infallible guide through the mazes of the world. But they will find him a hopeful and a high-minded one, on whose lines it would be better to fail than it would be to succeed on any others. Some Thames-side portraits and adventures are fresh, picturesque, and sometimes exciting. On the whole the novel will something more than merely satisfy readers content with exceedingly plain and simple fare.

"Was Hers the Fault?" a novel, by "Lolo" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is of considerably greater length than is altogether warranted by the nature of the trifles with which it deals. However, "Lolo" has shown no common amount of skill in constructing her story so as to make its comprehension depend upon complete reading, and to ensure complete reading by making her trifles sufficiently interesting. What sort of answer she expects for her question is not easy to discover. It may be occasionally a wife's fault when her husband acts like a blockhead, but it cannot be hers that Nature has made him one. In the present case, doubts are thrown upon her fidelity. He disbelieves them, and perfectly understands the circumstances in which an old and long-worn-out girlish love affair has placed her. But, finding that she, being an Italian, had married him rather to obey her friends than to please herself, he neglects her, practically deserts her, and does all he can to break her heart in return for her honesty and loyalty. Of course he at last finds out that she had learned to love him, but, under all the conditions, none but a born blockhead would have failed to find it out long before. Apart from the suggestion that it may be a wife's duty to find her husband in brains, "Lolo's" novel is better worth reading than most in which reasonableness plays an equally poor figure. Its principal fault is an over-dwelling upon insignificant incidents and an elaboration of trivial moods.

"Three Fair Daughters," a novel, by Laurence Brooke (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is the lively and fairly amusing history of three Miss Chesters—Katie, Gertrude, and, above all, Lenore. The story of the last tells how she came, as usual, to fancy herself in love with the wrong man, and ended by loving the right one, the only peculiarity being that her despotic uncle and her friends generally had been right in their choice for her all through. Thus Laurence Brooke is to some extent an apologist for that much-abused and despised class of people, a heroine's relations and friends. Less original is her sacrifice of Keith Luttrell, her first lover, for the sake of family duty; but it is a more natural stroke than usual on the part of the author to render the sacrifice in vain, and to leave her heart-whole and ready for the appearance of her later and truer lover. The amusement of the novel depends upon the character of Uncle Dacre, with his sensible views and his perverse and capricious ways of showing them, and of Katie Chester, with her talent for setting the world to rights and keeping it in order. All this is, of course, slight enough, and it is to be feared that the novel will be found not more easily read than forgotten. But it is quite worthy to live its span—much more indeed than many works whereof the forgetting is much less easy. Without being a book of any importance, it is a pleasant one for these idle holiday hours.

"Sweetheart and Wife," a novel, by Lady Constance Howard (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is frankly the history of a professed flirt of the most thorough-going order. She lives to fascinate: she fascinates every man who once sees her; and he whom she has once fascinated can never think of her again, for the rest of his days, without burying his face in his arms and weeping bitterly. Nevertheless there is a Nemesis in waiting for this Lady Magdalen. She falls head over ears in love with one Captain Erroll de Grey, knowing him to be a married man. In spite of

this, however, she marries a Lord Langley, and matters are not mended when Captain de Grey's wife runs away. This is the general outline of the story, which is chiefly characterised by an extravagant number of quotations and kisses. The tone of the book is anything but lofty. The characters seem entitled to go as near to danger as they can, with their eyes wide open, on the ground that they deserve honour for their noble conduct in stopping short of a fatal step just in time. Their prudence appears more obvious than their nobility—it is as though a child were permitted to play with the fire so long as he should contrive not to burn his fingers, and blamed for the consequence instead of the cause. Nor does the importation of pious motives into all this indulgence of sentimentality improve the general effect of a novel which has not even the advantage of a tolerable style.



IN preparing our fashion article for this month we paid special attention to travelling and tailor-made costumes, as this is the season *par excellence* for seaside and country visiting. It is well to leave all cotton and muslin walking-dresses at home when going North, as the mountain mists and the sea fogs, which set in at this season, take the stiffness out of them, and they soon look crushed and untidy.

We saw a very great variety of useful and stylish costumes at a well-known tailor's where ladies' attire is a special feature. For boating and rough mountaineering excursions, a very serviceable costume of dark green camel's-hair cloth; the short skirt was kilted, a scarf of the same material was simply draped at the back; the bodice was made *en blouse*, cut low at the throat, with a large square collar; under-vest of cream, blue, or red fine flannel; straw hat, sailor shape, or made of the camel's cloth. A very stylish garment is the new frock coat, double-breasted, with a series of useful pockets, made of West of England tweed. The introduction of the crinolette entailed a change in the cut of ulsters and other coats. This difficulty is overcome by a number of close pleats which drape easily over these ungraceful outlines. The frock jacket, made of checked cashmere cloth, is useful for a chilly autumn day. For deer-stalking, driving to cover, or for any form of open carriage, "The Universal Coat" is an admirable companion in stormy weather. It is made with a flat cape, that can in a moment be drawn up into a roomy hood, which thoroughly protects the head and neck, and renders the wearer quite independent of umbrella or further protection. These coats are made both for gentlemen and ladies. Most of the tailor-made dresses have waistcoats under the double-breasted jackets, either of some light colour or white; they are very becoming to tall or short figures when the wearer is well made, and not too stout.

A new make of *broché* cloth, for winter jackets and mantles, is warm and light; silk Astrakan will be much worn this season for entire garments and for trimmings. Grey and black Carmelites are made with simulated waistcoats of silver braid put very close together, the draped tunic to match, or in black, with gold braid; but this trimming is not suitable for a damp climate, as it quickly tarnishes; the military jacket, braided and frogged, is much more serviceable. A material called Irish homespun is light, soft, and wears well.

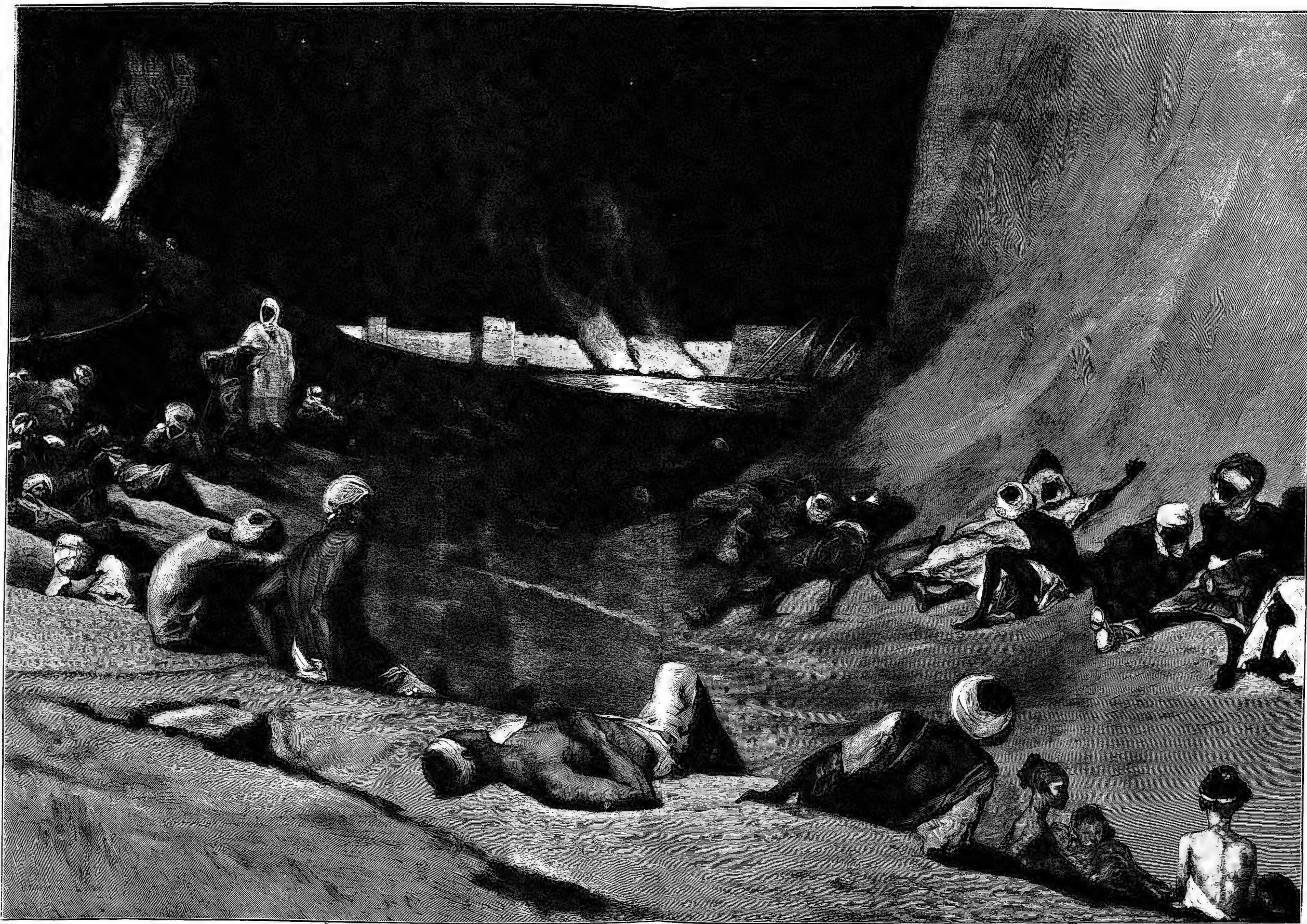
We saw some specialities in hats which will be worn this autumn. For travelling and morning wear they are made of fine serge, closely honeycombed, and also of coloured crape. One of the great charms of these hats is their lightness, some weighing little over an ounce. They look very bright and pretty when made in black-and-white striped satin. Especially to be recommended to dwellers in the suburbs is a hat made of tweed or serge, which will fold into a small space, and may be sat upon with impunity; a shake will put it into shape again instantly. The feather hats and bonnets are very elegant, and may be made to order, in any shape. For morning dress they are made of partridge, guinea fowls, and other quiet-feathered birds; by the way, ordinary down and feathers may be dyed any colour. A very pretty bonnet was made from the neck feathers only of the peacock. For more dressy toilettes there were hats and bonnets of the bronze ibis, with merle's wings, and of the Impian pheasant, of the head and neck of the Indian snake bird, or mongoose, and, most striking of all, a hat of vultures' feathers, dyed green, which had the effect of moss, trimmed with humming-birds.

We must not forget to mention "The Self-Opening Umbrella," which we came across in our wanderings. By touching a spring, when held upright, the umbrella opens; this is a perfect boon when overtaken by a sudden shower, with our hands full of parcels or books.

Indian shawls, which are never out of fashion in Paris, will be much worn this autumn in England. We were recently shown some veritable Indian shawls, perfect in design, colouring, and texture; *bien entendu*, they were costly; for those who cannot afford such luxuries, there were some more moderate in price, Cashmere Dacca shawls, Rumpore Chudda shawls, and Delhi shawls. For artistic and clinging draperies there is nothing to surpass the Mulida cloth, which is exquisitely fine.

The materials which will be the reigning favourites for many months to come undoubtedly are velvet and velveteen; the texture and finish of the latter have been brought to such perfection that it is often very difficult to distinguish it from the former; the variety of colours and shades is too numerous to catalogue here. A black velvet or velveteen has quite superseded the black silk dress with variations which used to be *de rigueur* in every well-furnished wardrobe. At one time no young girl would have worn this material, which was considered appropriate only for dowagers and diamonds, whilst now it is as popular for the toddling infant as for the tottering grandmother. And what can be prettier or more becoming to the skin than velvet? A combination costume for country visiting may be thus arranged. First, a plain black velvet skirt, with a rather deeply battlemented hem, under which should be worn a gored silk petticoat, on the edge of which, about half-a-yard from the ground, should be placed a series of buttons, not more than an inch between each button. For this petticoat half-a-dozen different flounces should be ready, put into a band, with a series of button-holes to correspond with the petticoat. One morning you wear the skirt with a black velvet flounce and a satin ruching, a velvet short jacket, and plain sleeves, a cascade of cream-coloured lace, and ruffles; for walking or driving a mantelet of satin and beaded gimp, with a bow and long ends of satin ribbon on the left shoulder; a velvet Rembrandt hat, with a long crimson feather. The same evening you may appear at dinner with six pale pink satin flounces edged with cream lace, an embossed pink satin Louis XV. bodice, and the black velvet skirt. Next comes a garden-party, where something very stylish is looked for from London; now we put on the petticoat a flat flounce of ruby satin, with a Spanish lace flounce over it; on the front breadth a plastron of ruby satin and lace; the velvet skirt is fastened up into small paniers, drawn back from the front. The tail coat of black velvet is lined with ruby satin, waistcoat of satin and lace. Satin straw Langry bonnet lined with ruby velvet. There is no end to the variations which may be made upon this foundation, but a day or so should be allowed to pass between each appearance.

Very pretty dinner dresses may be made of dark-blue tulle or



THE CUTTING OF THE KALIGUE
FROM A SKETCH BY ARTHUR MELVILLE

gauze, with three or more narrow flounces edged with lace, and draped with three scarves carelessly looped up with scarlet poppies; high square satin bodice; or of chestnut brown gauze, with pink chrysanthemums. Or a costume of white Surah, with narrow lace flounces to the waist, and a gathered bodice, with puffed sleeves from the shoulder to the wrist. A very elegant costume was recently sent from Paris to a very fashionable French watering place. It was of Bengal rose-pink taffetas, covered with Indian muslin; the front of the dress was embroidered in pale pink floss silk; large rosettes of satin ribbon were fastened at intervals with straps of pink and old gold round the hem. Long jacket of taffetas and muslin, edged with embroidery, opened in the front over a tucker of old lace; two small rosettes placed on the left shoulder. The hat of Manilla straw was turned up on one side with three roses, pink, crimson, and cream coloured. Velvet coats, with square lappels, are still much worn over white or pale-coloured silk, satin, or muslin skirts, both for the promenade and the house. Fur trimmings have already made their appearance; but we advise our readers not to adopt them so early in the season, as they are far more appropriate for the winter. A dainty little muff and cape of white swansdown is very useful for a stroll in the garden after dinner, when a black or white lace mantilla should be thrown over the head and fastened with a natural flower.



HARVEST SOUTH OF THE HUMBER is not yet completed, for the past fortnight has been unsettled, and farmers have not done much in the way of either cutting or carrying grain. The root crops have certainly been benefited by the rainfall, but this does not compensate farmers for the deterioration in the quality of their wheat and barley. In Norfolk a large proportion of the wheat has been secured, but the barley harvest is much delayed. In the West of England, where potato disease had already a hold, the rain has caused an extension of the rot. The rain in the Midland Counties has been exceptionally heavy, and the cereal crops cannot have escaped severe injury in quality.

HARVEST NORTH OF THE HUMBER is no more than beginning, the recent weather, windy and damp, with a comparatively low temperature, having stopped the cutting of ripe corn, while failing to ripen grain not yet matured. Despite this drawback the year in the North is not a bad one. Barley will yield a heavier return per acre than down south, and reports from Durham, Cumberland, and Northumberland indicate a decidedly over-average yield of oats. Wheat, potatoes, and turnips are spoken of as very promising crops by our Yorkshire correspondents, and the yield of turnips in Durham and Northumberland is expected to prove much above the mean. Beans and peas are a full average yield.

HARVESTING scarcely occupies half the time it used to do some five-and-twenty years ago. Farmers often get two hundred acres of corn cut in one week and stacked the next, and where crops are let to men by the acre, it is their interest not only to exert themselves to the utmost in getting through a maximum of work in a minimum of time, but also to keep a cool head, and refrain from the over-copious potatoes which used to be so common. Men working by the acre often begin at earliest dawn, and after a brief pause at dusk, go on again by moonlight. Many farmers this season are either supplying the labourers with malt that they may engage in private brewing, or are arranging with local brewers to supply so many barrels direct to the men.

THATCHING STACKS is one of those minor arts of agriculture which farmers too seldom cultivate in their men. Expeditious harvesting requires a celerity in thatching stacks quite in proportion to the quick transit of the other operations. In default of this celerity, there may be great risks of much harm being done after the corn has been brought into the stack yard; and, as spoiling corn in the stack is not unfrequently more disastrous than rain injuries in the fields, all the advantages gained by expeditious harvesting may be forfeited for want of expeditious thatchers and ready thatching.

MEDIAEVAL RUINS are even more worthy of preservation than those prehistoric monuments which have at last obtained the protection of an Act of Parliament. Unhappily, not all land-owners have the taste or judgment of the Duke of Devonshire, who is sparing neither thought nor money over the preservation of the noble abbey ruins at Furness. At the other end of England we have Sandown Castle threatened with entire destruction. For many years the ruins have been a great attraction to visitors to Deal, which will assuredly lose by the act of Vandalism now about to be perpetrated. The splendid walls, twenty feet in thickness at the foundation, are still so far intact that there is estimated to be 600 tons of "material" to clear away. If this "clearance" be actually made, Mr. Childers, who has given the order, may hope to make his name immortal, even as history has preserved the name of the man who fired the Temple of Ephesus, but does not record the name of him that built it, and has left a record of the destroyer of Salisbury Cathedral's stained glass windows, while holding no trace of their designer's name. Mr. Ruskin has been complaining of Vandalism in Eastern France, but there is enough of that spirit about to engage his attention at home.

SOCIETIES AND SHOWS.—The recent Exhibition at Keighley was fairly satisfactory, and only needs a little development to become one of the most interesting of North-country exhibitions.—There was a capital show of horses at the Exhibition of the North Somerset Society. All the classes were well filled, average quality was high, and judgment was difficult.

HEDGES v. IRON FENCES.—The iron fence is, in many places, superseding the hedge, owing to the prevalent idea that a hedge requires three feet of trenching and enriching with manure; matters which make it the more expensive of the two systems of field division. A well-known forester, however, assures us that trenching is neither necessary nor desirable, save for holly and yew, while it is only in the very thinnest of soils that manure is needed to keep a hedge in good growth. Hedge-culture depends for success rather on the clipping than the trenching. A section of a good hedge should resemble the ogival arch; broad at the bottom, gradually curving sides, and a peaked top. Such hedges need no inner paling as a protection.

Kew.—It is hardly too much to say that the attractions of the always delightful Kew Gardens have been doubled by the addition of the "North" gallery in the pleasure grounds. The six hundred paintings by Miss North add to botanical accuracy, *i.e.*, of delineation, the yet rarer advantage of bold and effective colouring. The effect of the whole gallery is wonderfully rich, without either crudity or glare. Such colour, indeed, has seldom been seen outside the studios of Mr. Holman Hunt or Mr. Burne Jones. The new descriptive catalogue is just published. Several errors in the earlier catalogue are corrected, and a little more information added. The show of flowers in the glass houses at Kew is now exceedingly beautiful.

SUNSTROKE.—Three deaths from sunstroke in England during the past fortnight, and over a dozen non-fatal cases, are not matters

for amusement, though, otherwise, the intelligence would read to most of us as an ironical commentary on recent weather. We suppose the secret of the matter lies in the fact that the influence of the sun's rays immediately after rain has fallen is curiously intensified. It may also have been that the unsettled state of the weather, and the want of steady warmth, have rendered people incautious with respect to head covering in the fine intervals.

MOULTING is the poultry-keeper's autumn trouble, and within the limits of a wished-for reduction of numbers, it is wise to kill off birds before the moulting, when they are still good for purposes of the table, and before they have to be kept without any profit. Those birds which are not killed off require more than usual care, and should be fed very generously, so that Nature's effort in throwing off the old plumage and putting on the new may be aided by the strength which extra good nourishment affords. It is not a good thing to try and keep birds laying during the moult, and it is a good thing to get the change of feathers over early in the autumn, before cold and damp weather becomes "chronic." Cocks and hens should be at once separated.

RECENT HIGH WINDS have done much damage in orchards, where bashes of apples, pears, and plums have been blown off the trees. The gales have driven many sea birds some distance inland, and a seagull was shot the other day near Northampton.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—The nest of a skylark with four eggs therein was found near Clifton on the 12th of August. It is rare indeed for the skylark to nest so late in the year.—An albino meadow pipit has been taken at Boyle, in County Roscommon.—A very large reddish brown bat was observed the other day flying at midday near Modbury, in Devonshire. It is believed to have been either a specimen of the very rare *Murinus*, or else an extremely large *Noctula*.—Salmon fishing on the Annan does not close till the 9th of September, instead of the 26th of August, as heretofore.—At Boston the other day Mr. Morris Buff caught a 30lb. porpoise by the tail, and dragged it bodily into a boat.

MISCELLANEOUS.—St. Teath must be healthy, even for a Cornish village. Engaged in the same hay field last week were two veterans whose combined ages give the very respectable total of 163 years, while the horse employed had seen twenty-seven summers.—We regret to note that contagious disease prevails among sheep in Devonshire, and appears to be spreading, despite the preventive measures ordered by the Privy Council.—Many English gardens are enriched with the fragrant and freely-flowering privet, and many yet remain to be so enriched. A new variety has now been imported from China. It has an extremely graceful growth, and is a distinct addition to the shrubbery. Its botanical name is *Ligustrum Quihoui*.—The hops have made very little progress during the past fortnight. Mould has now attacked the hop flowers, and the application of sulphur is entailing additional expense upon the unfortunate farmer. Some persons are now saying that the yield of hops this year will not exceed 100,000 cwt.—Fancy tastes, fancy prices. The ordinary sunflowers now abundant in old-fashioned country gardens are 4d. each at Covent Garden market. This must be a profit of at least sixteen times the price paid by the florist to the grower. Happy middleman!

WEATHER FORECASTS

ONLY a few years ago the science of meteorology did not exist. The guesses of weather-wise people might often be verified by experience, but they could not pretend to be called scientific. But since the time when Admiral Fitzroy led the way in forming weather forecasts from the measurement of the barometer at various stations, over a given area, the advance of meteorology, though perhaps sometimes slow, has always been sure. The laws which regulate the flow of winds over our island need to be learned by a tedious process of trial and error. The meaning, for example, of a high barometer in Scandinavia appearing simultaneously with a low barometer in the South of England and in France (a very familiar feature of our spring weather), had to be learned by slow degrees. But now these difficulties have been mastered; and though our Meteorological Office has to confess now and then that changes do occur, the approach of which has eluded their scientific research, yet in 75 per cent. of the forecasts they are found to be correct. Two circumstances concur in preventing for the present a nearer approach to perfect accuracy. The first is the limited number of stations at which observations of the weather are taken. An increase in the number of stations means increase of expenditure; and as the funds at the disposal of the Office are but limited, the stations must also be few. But it is just on the multiplicity of observations that any likelihood of securing accuracy to the forecasts depends. If there be a space of two hundred miles along a coast line, between one observing-station and another, and if upon that coast line there sometimes arrive deep but narrow depressions, it is obvious that the forecast sent out as the result of the collation of the returns that are available, cannot be relied on as it would be if at shorter intervals stations were established for the purpose of observing and forwarding daily the materials from which the weather forecasts are prepared.

Till we have stretched over the whole country, and especially over our Western coast line, a network of stations in telegraphic communication with the head office, and till we have learned, as we can scarcely be said to have done yet, the meaning of the comparison between readings taken at high elevations, such as at the top of Ben Nevis, and those taken at the sea level, we have not exhausted the possibilities of reaching a percentage of accuracy in our weather forecasts much higher still than the high figure already attained.

But while there is room for advance in the direction we have named, there is another hindrance in the way of our attaining greater accuracy in our forecasts of weather. It is well known that the usual direction from which depressions of the barometer appear on our shores is from the west, over the Atlantic Ocean. If it were possible to establish on it, along the line of the Gulf Stream, a continuous line of stations, we should have full warning for days beforehand of the approach of depressions, and should be able, after a little experience, to calculate their probable course and energy. But such a line of stations is not to be dreamed of.

But we are not therefore hopelessly cut off from all knowledge of the history of barometrical depressions in their course over the Atlantic. If we have not fixed stations on the ocean, there are hundreds of moving observatories which could easily be utilised. The many first-class ocean steamers which are continually crossing the Atlantic in the region of the Gulf Stream, afford the means of attaining a far fuller and more accurate knowledge of the history of storms as they approach us from the west, than we have yet reached. If it were obligatory on the captains of steamers to send a copy of the daily reading of the barometers on their passage to the Meteorological Office at the close of each voyage, and if telegraphic correspondence were established between the Office on this side and the American Weather Bureau on the other, as each depression entered the Atlantic, its after history would be carefully noted, and some sure ground reached on which to found a theory as to the manner in which cyclones develop themselves, or disappear on their passage across the ocean. The collection of the necessary data would not be a difficult matter, for on board of all first-class steamers there are already sets of scientific instruments, the readings of which are daily noted; and as a rule captains of ocean steamers would be only too glad to co-operate with the Meteorological Office, for their interest in reaching correct and scientific ideas as to the law of storms is necessarily very great.

Until we have accumulated observations taken in all parts of the Gulf Stream, it will be quite impossible even to guess at the general laws which regulate the storms which appear on our coast; but by the method we have indicated it should not be difficult to attain, after a time, a very exact acquaintance with the law of storms on the Atlantic. If such a correspondence by telegraph were established between our shores and those of America, aided by the systematic examination of the logs of steamers, the other interesting problems at present insoluble would be easily mastered. For instance, what were the causes which produced the extraordinary barometrical readings of last winter? Within a period of seven weeks we had on November 27th the lowest reading of the barometer ever recorded within our islands, and on January 18th there came the highest reading ever recorded. The reasons of this highest barometer in January last are well worthy of scientific research. Not only was the height attained by the barometer greater than has ever been noted before, but it was reached during the prevalence of west winds, which in almost every case depress the barometer, and it was accompanied by a temperature higher by far, especially in Scotland and Ireland, than has ever been marked previously with such a high barometrical reading.

When we seek a solution of the problem, we are sent back again to the as yet unexplored secrets of the Atlantic Ocean. And here again, by a careful examination of the logs of all steamers crossing, we should almost certainly reach knowledge of a kind which at present we do not pretend to possess, as to the circumstances under which anti-cyclones are formed in Europe. The only thing of which meteorologists can say they feel certain is, that there is a very intimate connection between the existence of the anti-cyclone here, and the reading of the barometer on the Atlantic. What that connection is only lengthened and careful observations can disclose.

There is good reason to hope that the farther advance made by our Meteorological Office since the beginning of August in receiving and collating observations from the North Atlantic, will lead to valuable scientific results. The time chosen is also very favourable for investigating another problem presented by the winds. There is some reason to believe that there exists a very close relation between the sun spots, and the distribution of wind on the surface of the globe. When we approach the time of the maximum of sun spots as at present, violent gales seem to be more frequent, both in the temperate regions and within the tropics. How far that will accord with scientific observation still remains to be seen. But it is to be hoped that the observations of wind and weather on the Atlantic, through which alone we can hope to gain a really valuable and trustworthy knowledge of the subject, will not be discontinued within a year, as our Meteorological Office at present intend, but will be continued until at least the minimum period of the sun spots has been reached.

Never, perhaps, in any season have so many interesting problems been presented for inquiry by meteorologists, and never before have the probabilities of reaching solid and valuable results in scientific reading of the weather been so great.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

SPORT FOR NOTHING!

IN these days, when Scotch moors are rented so highly that only the very rich can afford to spend an autumn holiday grouse shooting, it may be something to know that excellent sport of another kind can be had in abundance in the North at this season of the year, and that for nothing. During August, September, and November, the sportsman of limited means has only to buy a cheap return boat or railway ticket, which will take him to any part of the Caithness and Orkney, or West Coast, and, unless the fault lies in himself, he may have excellent sport both with gun and rod. If he has more money than he has capacity for doing things on a cheap scale, he may lodge in an inn, instead of giving himself the trouble which would be necessary to secure comfortable private apartments in a strange neighbourhood. It need scarcely be said, however, that the latter are invariably cheaper, less noisy, and generally as free from all those ills to which the traveller's flesh is heir.

Disease and wet weather have thinned the grouse to such an extent that many proprietors and lessees of moors cannot afford to shoot over their grounds more than two or three days per week. In the far North these disappointed ones have betaken themselves to the water, and there find as much, if not more, enjoyment than on the moors. The rocky precipitous coast is lined with caves, the abiding places of innumerable companies of the common rock pigeon. Although this bird is not such a delicacy as the grouse, or of so much value in the market, it is nevertheless good game, and, on account of its rapid flight, affords the keen sportsman much better sport than the preserved bird, which costs him at least five times its market value. A good shot, however, is necessary to make anything like havoc among the pigeons. A person able to make tolerably good work among the grouse, on having to fire aloft at the more rapid bird, has to be satisfied with a diminished bag, not because the pigeons are scarce, but because the misses have been out of all proportion to the hits.

Nothing could be more delightful than a cruise along our Northern coasts in a small boat at this season of the year. The sea-fowl, after rearing their young, are to be seen in myriads, so that every cleft in the cliffs is full of them. The gulls fly about overhead on finding their solitude invaded; but most of their other feathered companions, who live as little as possible on the wing, remain immovable in their exalted position to the last, and then fly down and settle on the water. All these might be shot by hundreds, and with such ease that it says much for sportsmen that they are rarely brought down except by amateurs at the gun. The pigeon, being a land bird, although he lives among them for security, is much better able to take care of himself. His course is almost as irregular as his flight is quick. Fortunately he is in no haste to leave his cave at the approach of a boat. It requires much shouting to bring him out, and not till the first comes, and is fired at, do the others consent to undergo the same operation. Then they come in a body out at the mouth of the narrow cave; every gun in the boat banging simultaneously as they approach. One and one falls dead or maimed on the water, and these being picked up, the boat is rowed to the next cave. Although the guns give a report which resounds along the rocks for several hundred yards, the pigeons have only been disturbed at a very short distance from the scene of action.

After the day's shooting has been accomplished, the evening may be turned to account at fishing. Cole fish are so abundant about this time that it is nothing unusual for a boat to bring two or three hundred to shore, averaging a pound each, which have been taken in as many hours. They are caught near the shore with white flies, three or four sets of which are dragged behind the boat. Sometimes mackerel and cod take the fly, and when the cod is large he too often takes it literally, after tantalising the fisher by revealing his fine proportions for a moment on the surface of the water. When large fish are plentiful the sport is very exciting; but again they not unfrequently break every line away, and disappoint one of that evening's enjoyment. The spoon-bait answers well for large fish, especially in the early part of the evening, before the flies begin to work properly, as they only do in the twilight. As an old hand, I strongly advise everybody who tries the cole fishing to carry two sets of lines. The sport is excellent, and if the quality of the fish is not equal to the quantity, there are plenty of poor persons who would be thankful to receive them, for, fried, they are excellent, light, and easily digested food.

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 Treatise, post free, 4d. F. NEWBURY and SONS,
 4, King Edward Street, London.

Address—F. COMAR, 28, Rue St. Claude, Paris.

PARR'S PARR'S LIFE PILLS
 Will keep people in vigorous health,
 and make them cheerful and hearty.
 They are unrivalled for the cure of
 sick headache, indigestion, loss of
 appetite, impurities of the blood, dis-
 orders of the stomach, liver, or general
 derangement of the system.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in
 boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d., and in Family
 Packets, 11s. each.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
 for
 CONSTIPATION, BILE, HEADACHE

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
 A LAXATIVE and REFRESHING
 FRUIT LOZENGE.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
 2s. 6d. the box, stamp included.

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

Wholesale, E. GRILLON, 60, Queen St., London, E.C.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S SWEET
 SCENTS.—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly,
 Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, and 1,000 others from
 every flower that breathes a fragrance. Sold by the
 fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the
 world.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street,
 London, W.

SWEET SACHETS.—PIESSE
 and LUBIN compose every variety of SACHET
 POWDER of same odour as their own perfume
 for the handkerchief. Placed in a draw, etui, or
 travelling bag, they impart a grateful and pleasing per-
 fume without being piquant.—LABORATORY OF
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LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.
GLYKALINE,
 THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, for
 Curing Colds, Catarrhs, and Ailments
 of the Respiratory Organs.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves
 Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent
 in winter, cleanses the bronchial tubes from Mucus,
 and relieves the breathing. By its use Colds are cured
 in a few hours. GLYKALINE is an unprecedented
 remedy in these complaints.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL
 to GLYKALINE.

"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under
 date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the
 valuable property of curing cold in the head. The
 man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague
 ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human
 race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a
 general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh.
 I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-
 for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a
 colorless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The
 unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testi-
 mony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals
 of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of
 colds. He writes disinterestedly, "desiring," as he
 says, "only to make known the healing properties of
 GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering
 human race."

GLYKALINE is the surest and
 speediest Remedy for relieving all who suffer
 from obstructed breathing. In bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d.,
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 Full directions with each bottle.

NEURALINE,
 THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
 For Curing and instantly relieving Toothache, Neu-
 ralgia, and Pains in the Nerves.

NEURALINE is known as a reliable
 specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and
 Sciatica. It relieves often INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will
 be found invaluable to all who are afflicted with these
 disorders.

NEURALINE seldom fails to give
 relief. It is in demand throughout the world.
 As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly
 celebrated, a single application (in many cases) imme-
 diately curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received
 the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-
 house, Island of Lewis, N.B.: "Mrs. Edgar cannot
 express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline.
 It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD
 EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost
 instantaneous."

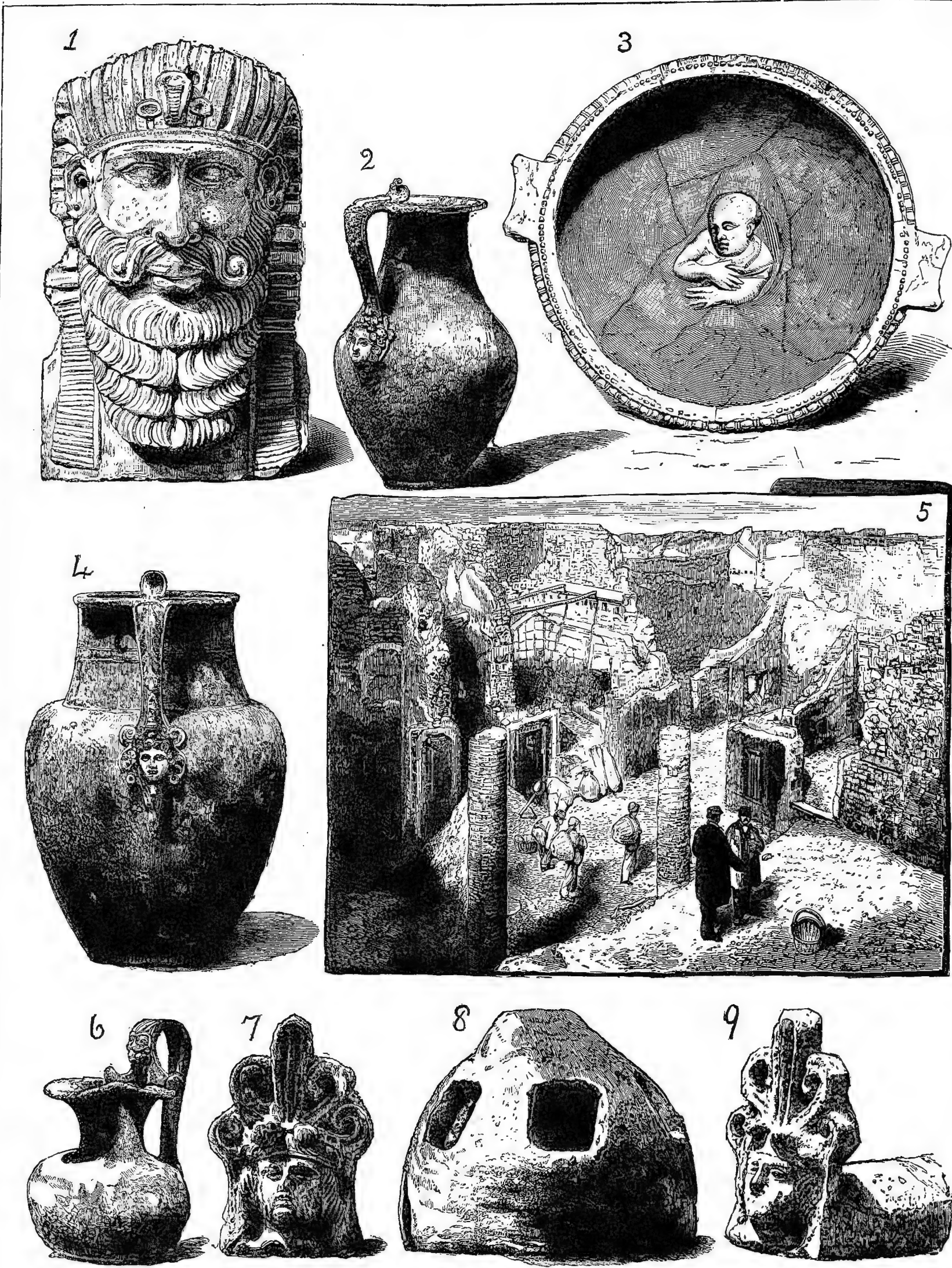
NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles,
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AUROSINE,
 AN APPROVED APPLICATION FOR
 Preserving the Hands, the Skin, and Lips from Rough-
 ness, Chaps, &c.

AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,
 and Unsightliness of the Skin after exposure to
 sea-air and cold. It renders the surface of the skin
 beautifully soft; it cures suppleness, whiteness,
 and the natural hue of health, without in any way
 interfering with the action of the pores, but, on the contrary,
 AUROSINE is pleasant to use, agreeable in perfume,
 colorless, and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post,
 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.

ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINC-
TURE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE.
 The Best Preparation for the Teeth and Gums.
 This elegant and approved preparation may be used
 in all cases. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth,
 prevents decay, improves and preserves the enamel,
 hardens the Gums, and improves their colour. As an
 astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, this Dentifrice is
 much esteemed, and is in increasing demand. It effec-
 tually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s.,
 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Post free, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

BERBERINE,
 For Liver Derangement,



WM

1. The Foot of a Table in White Marble.—2, 4, 6. Egyptian Vases.—3. A Painted Plate.—5. The Quarter Lately Excavated.—7, 8, 9. A Water-jug and Table-tops.

THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII



General view of Culbin Sands

Culbin House thought to be under this hill

The sands looking north

The sands showing the rigs

THE SANDS OF CULBIN, NEAR FORRES, SCOTLAND

word to make the mammas sorry their children should be listening. But the songs were inane, after the usual type of that dreariest of performance, the modern comic song. It is perhaps a mental deficiency on my part, but I can't, for the life of me, understand how, with songs like O'Keefe's "Charming Ailly Croker," and such a budget of rollicking humorous Irish songs, anybody can applaud or even listen to nonsense about the Zoo, or about Tiddly Toody (to a tune strangely like "Cadet Roussel"), who has ten thousand a year, and is looking for a rich wife; but who really lives at a rag-shop in a back street. Far less depressing to me was the sentimental baritone. Dressed like Du Val at the "Ancient Concert Hall," in Spanish cavalier's costume, he evidently thought himself the hero of the evening; and his opinion was shared by many of his hearers, for he was far more applauded than the comic men, so much so that he actually had to come on and repeat one of his lugubrious ditties. I'm to blame, no doubt, but the whole get-up of the man, the intense seriousness with which he took the applause that was evidently so grateful to him, the ferocious despair with which he threw his cloak over his shoulder, the way in which he managed to mouth out his words, so that he had got two-thirds through his first song before a bravura trill about "breaking hearts" let me into the fact that he was not singing Italian—all this was to me a deal more comic than even "the Limerick boy." It did go to my heart, though, that he should be singing in that way. Why not render naturally and simply some exquisite song like "Savourneen Deelish" (so appropriate now the Army Reserve is being called out) instead of such balderdash?

At last the bell rang, the curtain rose, and Mr. Hardacre, the landlord, was seen making up his rent-book, and exclaiming against the hardship of having to live in this devil of a country instead of in London, with its balls and operas, and all that a landlord ought to have a share in. To him enters Tony Bassett, his bailiff, a drunken beast, who, after a good deal of impudence, explains that he can get no rent, except from Terence M'Keown, who is coming at once to pay it. Terence comes, and is graciously informed that his rent is eighteen pounds for the half-year. "Ten pounds fifteen shillings is what I have, sorra a sixpence more could I scrape together." "That's not enough, my man." "Shure, an' it's Griffith's valuation, and it's all the land's worth, and hard enough work to get that much out of it." But the landlord won't reduce, threatens eviction, and Terence becomes fierce, and asks why he came out of his own country to buy people's lives off some spendthrift lord. "The landlords round have got no hearts at all—they never spend a penny on their property," says Pat, generalising.

In the next scene, Tony, drunk as a Helot, and no doubt intended to be improving in the same sense, is at last persuaded that three police and a sergeant—all that work in another part of the parish has left in the barrack—are enough to protect his precious person; and, after a scene between the father M'Keown and his son, in which the father counsels submission, and the son says, "Only let the farmers keep to the rules of the Land League, and they'll bother the landlords yet," and in which he complains that the law is all on the other side, and asks "What has the law done for me?" the party are seen at the M'Keown's cottage. There is a good deal of horseplay; Terence darts out and pushes down Tony, who pushes down the sergeant, and, believing him to be the young farmer, belabours him in a maulin way with his umbrella. The sergeant is naturally disgusted, and exclaims against the indignity of waiting on a low dirty drunken bailiff. But Tony brings him to reason by reminding him, "As low as I am you're bound to protect me, or you'll soon get the big bag." At last Tony is dragged inside, and despite his cries the police don't seem at all anxious to break in after him. He is being dealt with by "a few of the boys" whom Terence had told his father he'd get together, adding "If we don't knock the daylight out of him we're not worth a thraneen." All this while two out of the three police are watching an imaginary crowd and dodging potatoes, bits of turf, &c., which keep flying across the stage. When Tony is turned out he is a mere bag of rags, and he has besides other disfigurements, "the makings of two fine black eyes." However, he is a clever bailiff, and though one ejection notice was torn up in the scuffle, he has another in his pocket, which he duly nails on the door. Drunker than ever, he next brings his woes before his employer, and the tone in which he says "I've been suffering for the glorious British Constitution" is irresistibly comic. "I'll demand compensation," he hiccoughs out, and proceeds to sum up the money value of his wounds. "Who'll you get it from?" asks Hardacre. "Sure, its from yourself; niver fear," he replies, thereby bringing down a storm of wrath, which he meets by showing that he knows the landlord's secret. "Sure you're Bill Snaffles and not Hardacre at all. You're father carried a basket about the streets of London, and picked up grease for the chandlers, and one day he picked up a purse of gold, and went into the chandlery line himself, and made his fortune, and sent you over here when times was bad, and you bought out the O'Sullivan, who had ruined himself with drink and gambling. So you see I know all about it, Bill Snaffles." Of course his mouth gets stopped with half-a-sovereign, and as he goes off he meets Nelly O'Connor, Terence's sweetheart, on her way to see his mother, who is so ill that Dr. M'Carthy has said the least noise will be the death of her. He jingles his money, and with a drunken leer, whispers he'll tell her a secret, he's got over head and ears in love with her. Nelly first archly replies: "You'd better get out again as fast as you can, Tony." But when he becomes pertinacious, the scorn with which she assures him that no true Irish girl will be the wife of a process-server, brings down the house. Meanwhile Mr. O'Neill, secretary of the Land League, pays Hardacre a visit, and tries to intercede for the M'Keowns, explaining how ill the mother is. "That's nothing to me," replies the landlord, "if they don't pay their full rent, out they go." At last comes the eviction itself. Enter the police, the landlord, and Tony. O'Neill makes another appeal, and gets asked what business it is of his? "It is the business of every good man to interfere in such a case," he replies; and, when a more pathetic appeal from old M'Keown is met by a rude push, O'Neill soothes his feelings by knocking the landlord down. He is taken possession of by the police, and just then the mother, supported by Nelly, hobbles out of her sick room, and, falling on her knees, says this stroke has killed her, and prays that the landlord may not suffer as he has made them do. Hardacre is roughly bundling her out when Terence gives him a second flogging, exclaiming "No wonder such as you are a mark for the bullet of the assassin," and is laid hold of by policeman No. 2. Every one is cleared out, a fall of white paper reminding us that it is snowing; and then Tony asks: "Will we pull the roof off, your honour?" "Of course, of course," cries Hardacre; and amid the crash of timber is seen a tableau of the dying mother in Nelly's arms, her old husband kneeling in the snow beside her, and Tony looking on through the broken window.

Such is the form in which landlordism is put before Young Dublin. I don't think it worked deeply on their feelings. They've had too much about it in print already. I heard a laugh when Terence's mother used the old-world appeal, "Wirra straw" (Virgin, hear), and somebody asked more than once, "Will it soon be over?" while another wished there was to be some dancing. The comic men knew better than to be political. One of their songs, "The Land League," didn't rise above a sentiment singularly unsuited to a teetotal theatre:—

May every good fellow become a Land Leaguer,
May every Land Leaguer a good fellow be;
If all the Land Leaguers became jolly fellows,
What jolly good fellows Land Leaguers would be.

Of course it's very sad that young people should be shown such caricatures as Hardacre and Tony; but it is infinitely sadder that

the habitual tone and temper of the landlord class has made such a caricature as Hardacre at any rate *vraisemblant* enough to be accepted even by the greenest of young Dubliners. The landlords and their agents, have, in many cases, been hard and domineering, and their domineering has been more offensive than their hardness. I will give two instances for the truth of which I can vouch. In County Wexford, two old sisters whose family had been on the land for centuries, had been improving a good deal—making a carriage-way to the door. It was rather a pet farm. "Sure their lease is nearly out," said the agent to my informant, a Dublin Protestant, widow of a Protestant farmer; "and then let your husband take it. It'll suit you nicely." "What, we to take the land over their heads?" was the indignant reply, though the people thus tempted were looking about, their own place being uncomfortable. "Well, if you don't some one will, for I'll be after raising the rent, and I know they that are in now can't pay more." "So it always is," added my informant; "do anything on your farm, and at once you have to pay more. My husband once drained a very wet place, where people used to get bogged up to the knees, and when he showed it to the young landlord, expecting some praise if not compensation, and pointing out triumphantly that there were no rushes now. "Ah," the young man sneeringly replied, "I suppose you just cut them off with the scythe?" They are not tragic, my two instances, but they show what some landlordism has meant, a state of things which it is to be hoped the Land Act will in time put a stop to.

On the value of "Eviction" as a bit of stage teaching, I make no comment. I thought it worth while to go, for it is well to see what sort of a performance the Dublin lads and lasses enjoy. Before they have grown to be men and women I trust such scenes will have become things of the past.
H. S. FAGAN



MESSRS. WILLEY AND CO.—Four songs, music by Frank Swift, cannot be accused of sameness of style. First we have a dramatic sacred song, "King David's Lament," for which he has written the pathetic words. Well rendered, this song will produce a favourable effect, but the reverse will be the result of indifferent or careless singing.—"Loyal and True" is a sentimental ballad, words by Robert Richardson, Esq., published in two keys, C and D.—"A Sailor and His Lass" is a dismal tale of shipwreck and death. The music is better than the words, but neither are likely to be asked for often.—Very much better is "Cheerily Haul, Hi! Ho!" which has a hearty ring in it, and will bring down the house at a seaside concert, whilst on board ship, where an impromptu chorus may be introduced, it will command a double encore.—"She Stood by the Tranquil Ocean," written and composed by Vivian Graham and Frederic Scarsbrook, is another dreary tale of a shipwrecked mariner, whose sweetheart dies of despair. A course of these tragically ending songs would go far to cure a lad of a desire to run away to sea.

E. NICHOL.—Stephen Fielding has composed a spirited and original march for the organ, "The Babylonian," which deserves a place in any organist's portfolio. He has also arranged it for the pianoforte.—By the same composer is "The March of the Little Tin Soldiers," arranged for the pianoforte, a quaint and tuneful composition; and "Le Palais Royal Gavotte," which is a more than ordinary example of its school. These two pieces are well calculated for after-dinner execution.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Three songs written and composed by Arthur Mathison and Franz Abt are exactly what might be expected from those associates—beautifully simple and home-like. "Thankfulness" is replete with poetry, both in words and music, a genuine outpouring of gratitude to the Creator.—"Once More" is the plaint of a bereaved lover.—"Land of My Love" is a meet companion for the above.—"Always May," *valse chantante*, the poetry by G. Linnaeus Banks, the music by W. C. Levey, will exactly suit a budding *prima donna*, fresh from the study of "Conconi's Exercises for the Voice." Both words and music are calculated to express the sentiments of a young girl on quitting the school-room.

MESSRS. AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.—It is somewhat peculiar that Cotsford Dick should have taken for the title of a song the name of "Effie Deans," which is so intimately associated with Sir Walter Scott's heroine; the song before us is simply a few words of caution to young maidens who wear blue ribbons in their hair not to put faith in any lover who does not very soon name the day, the wedding day.—"Unseen Singers" is a pathetic and thoughtful song for a contralto, after "The Old Cathedral Bell," "Children's Voices," &c. The words are by George W. Varley, music by G. E. Iles.—Again we come upon a gavotte which may lay claim to originality—"Windsor Castle Gavotte," by Alois Volkmer, is a sprightly composition, which merits to be learnt by heart.—An excellent study for the schoolroom is "El Dorado," a *grande valse de concert*, by P. von Tuginner.—Very strikingly illustrated is the "Avant Souper," *schottische fantastique*, by F. J. Folcardet, a brilliant specimen of dance music, quite worthy of its title. Equally striking, but more sentimental, is the frontispiece of "Felicité," a very spirited polka, by the same author.—We must not omit to mention that all the pieces mentioned in this review may be sung or played without fee or license. In future we shall only specify those compositions which are hampered with any copyright restrictions, which will, no doubt, very soon only be the exceptions, not the rule.



"ELECTRICITY ON THE TOP OF HER HEAD" is the singular excuse which a lady of French extraction, who declared herself to be the wife of a merchant in the City, alleged before Mr. Chance, at Lambeth, for a way she has of going to sleep in suburban gardens, where her nocturnal visits are by no means desired. The magistrate was cruel enough to remand her for further inquiries, and even to suggest that the kind of electricity might be in some way connected with the bottle.

A NEW DANGER since the war has been added to our streets by the increasing popularity of "Egyptian cannon"—large discs of detonating powder, which explode with a loud report when trodden on. A serious tramway accident was only averted last week through extreme good fortune, and the hospital books, it is said, contain ample record of injuries already caused through these mischievous explosives.

MR. MAIR, OF MACCLESFIELD, the Liberal agent, who was sentenced by Mr. Justice Denman to seven months' imprisonment for illegal practices at the last election, was released last Monday. Mr. May, the Conservative agent, had been set free two months before on the grounds of ill-health.

A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN, M. SAVITCH, OF ODESSA, was the victim the other day of a daring robbery. He had come to England to withdraw from the Bank bonds amounting to 15,000*l.*, and had engaged a fellow-countryman named Novitzky as an interpreter. Novitzky invited him to supper at his lodgings, and when M. Savitch rose to leave, sprang on him, tore away the bag containing the securities, and escaped. Neither bonds nor criminal have yet been heard of.

THE JURY AT THE ADJOURNED INQUEST of the body of James Warder, the captain of the schooner yacht *Wylly*, which was run down last July by the screw steamer *Valkalla*, off Dungeness, have returned a verdict that the collision was caused by "great neglect and gross error of judgment on the part of the officer in charge of the steamer." The mate of the *Valkalla* alleged that he took the yacht for "an Antwerp pilot-boat bearing down to speak with them."

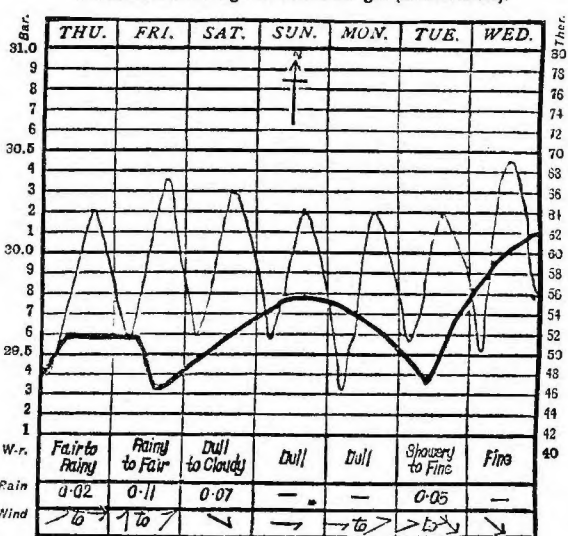
THE EMPLOYMENT OF UNQUALIFIED PRACTITIONERS as dispensing assistants seems much too common in the poorer quarters of London. At an inquest the other day on a working man who seems to have died of inflammation of the lungs, though he was treated as a sufferer from alcoholism, it turned out that he had never seen the true proprietor of the dispensary at all, and that it was only at the last moment that his wife called in the medical officer of the parish. Such unlicensed practitioners, of course, act at their own risk, but the practice is none the less a fraud upon the unwary public.

AN INFORMAL INQUIRY will be held at Hull by the direction of Mr. Chamberlain into the system under which apprentices and boys take service in fishing smacks. Mr. Heneage, M.P., Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., and Mr. Gray, of the Board of Trade, will be on the Committee.

A CURIOUS CHARGE OF FRAUD has been brought against a "respectably dressed man" at Manchester. He had taken an office, and put upon the door a plate inscribed "National Emigration Union." Subscribing members were to be assisted to emigrate, and would be further aided out of the funds of a great lottery which would be drawn three or four times a year in Paris. Numerous circulars were seized by the police addressed to members of Parliament and other influential gentlemen, and many subscriptions were stated to have been received. The prisoner declared that his motives were philanthropic, and that if he had not been arrested so quickly he should have come himself to the magistrate for advice and patronage.

BILLS OF SALE as security for small amounts will very soon be numbered with the past. By the Act which comes into effect on November 1st all such bills for sums under 30*l.* will be absolutely void, nor will any bill of sale henceforth give the holder a prior claim against other creditors, or against the levies of rates and taxes.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM AUGUST 23 TO AUGUST 30 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over our islands has been in an exceedingly changeable, unseasonable condition; temperature has been much below its normal value, the winds variable and often very strong, rainfall frequent (but not heavy), and the amount of cloud very large. It will be seen on referring to the diagram that the barometer has been low and unsteady; and the two concavities shown in the curve on Friday (25th ult.) and Tuesday (29th ult.) mark the passage of two well-formed depressions, which brought westerly gales to our southern districts, and rain to nearly all parts of the country. Unhappily there is reason to think that more rain is coming shortly. The barometer was highest (30.10 inches) on Wednesday (30th ult.); lowest (29.44 inches) on Friday (25th ult.); range, 0.66 inches. Temperature was highest (69°) on Wednesday (30th ult.); lowest (47°) on Monday (28th ult.); range, 22°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.25 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.11 inches, on Friday (25th ult.).

A NOVELTY IN PANORAMAS will shortly be opened at Boston. The great fire of Chicago is to be faithfully depicted, beginning with the upsetting of a kerosene lamp by a cow in a barn, and the conflagration will rage until the mimic city is consumed. Some 150 persons, representing firemen and citizens, will be seen escaping from the burning buildings, bringing up engines, &c., and the local topography is to be reproduced as closely as possible. No danger is anticipated, as the performance will take place in an open-air garden, while a lake will separate the stage from the audience.

THE MOUND OF MAHUTA, on the Fresh-Water Canal, where the small British battery did such good service in the encounter on the 24th ult., is a spot of much Biblical interest, as Miss A. B. Edwards reminds us in a letter to a contemporary. It is supposed to mark the site of the city of Rameses, for the building of which the Hebrews were compelled by their Egyptian task-masters to make bricks with stubble of their own gathering, as related in Exodus v. These bricks, moulded of sun-dried clay mixed with chopped straw, and stamped, some with the cartouche of Rameses II., and some with the cartouche of his successor Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, are to be found in any number in and about the mound.

"HAT FLIRTATIONS" have been introduced across the Atlantic by ingenious young people, who find that the language of flowers, of the fan, and of the umbrella is too well understood by the public at large. Here are a few of the signals, culled from the Albany *Sunday Press*. The young man who pulls his hat low on the forehead informs his beloved that he loves her madly, when he tips it over his eyes she must not recognise him, and when he pushes it to the back of his head he bids her adieu. Taking the hat off and brushing it the wrong way expresses his despair, carrying a stone in it tells of the fair one's cruelty, and putting it on the ground implies farewell for ever. If the young lady uses her hat as a fan she bids her lover come and see her aunt, while throwing it across the street signifies that she is engaged.

Good Complexion & Nice Hands.

HEALTHFUL SKIN.

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive, and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means, but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz. the composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, **PEARS' transparent SOAP** is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

AMONG eminent authority on the Skin, **PROFESSOR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.**, writes in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*:—"The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles . . . **PEARS' SOAP** is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant', and **PEARS' transparent SOAP** is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

CAUTION TO PARENTS.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence, frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that artificially coloured Soaps are frequently poisonous, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more Soda than others, owing to the use of Cocoa Nut Oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline soap very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

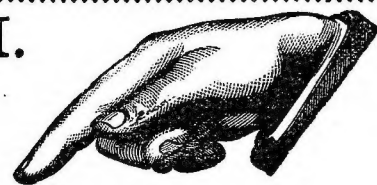
PEAR'S transparent SOAP is recommended as absolutely pure; free from excess of alkali (soda) and from artificial colouring matter. It is delightfully perfumed, remarkably durable, and has been in good repute nearly 100 years, and obtained Seven International Prize Medals.

THE following testimony is extracted, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, from "The Hygiene of the Skin," by MR. J. L. MILTON, SENIOR SURGEON to "St. John's Hospital for the Skin," London. "From time to time I have tried many different Soaps, and I have now, after Fifteen Years' careful trial in many hundreds of cases, both in hospital and private practice, no hesitation in giving my verdict to the effect that nothing has answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as 'PEARS' transparent SOAP.'"

TESTIMONIAL FROM MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

PEARS' SOAP

I have found Matchless
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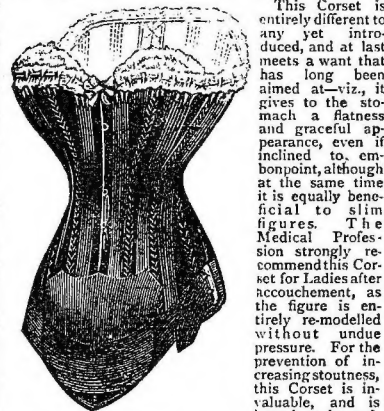
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